

A

COLLECTION

OF

H Y M N S

FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP,

More particularly designed for the Use of
the TABERNACLE CONGREGATION
in LONDON.

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Late of Pembroke College, Oxford,

AND

Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon.

Sing ye Praises with Understanding. Ps. xlvii. 7.

THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N,

Printed by HENRY COCK,

And to be sold at the Tabernacle, near Moor-fields,



H Y M N S

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

H Y M N I.

At the Opening of Worship.

NOW may the Spirit's Holy Fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting Family inspire
With joy and Peace, and Love !

Thee we the Comforter confess ;
Unless thou'rt present here,
Our Songs of Praise are vain address,
We utter heartless Pray'r.

Wake heav'nly Wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping Field ;
Our Spices then shall breathe Perfume ;
And fragrant Incense yield

Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip
That shall proclaim thy Word,
And bid each awful Hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

Haften the Restitution-Day,
Which now Corruption shrowds,
New Heavens and new Earth display,
With Jesus in the Clouds.

H Y M N II.

The Same.

FAR from our Thoughts, vain World begone
Let our religious Hours alone :
Oh may our Eyes our Saviour see !
We wait a Visit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our Hearts with Holy Fire,
And kindle there a pure Desire,
Come, our Dear Jesus, from above
And feed our Souls with heav'nly Love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious Fare !
How sweet thy Entertainments are !
Never did Angels taste above
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.

Hail, great Emmanuel, all Divine !
In thee thy Father's Glorious shine :
Thou Brightest, sweetest, fairest, one,
That Eyes have seen, or Angels known !

H Y M N III.

P U B L I C W O R S H I P.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy Feet we humbly bow :
Oh ! do not our Suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord in vain ?

P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER,

IF thou art acquainted with the Divine Life, I need not inform thee that altho' all the Acts and Exercises of Devotion are sweet and delightful, yet we never resemble the Blessed Worshippers above more than when we are joining together in public Devotions, and with Hearts and Lips unfeigned, singing Praises to him who sitteth upon the Throne for ever. Consequently, Hymns composed for such a Purpose ought to abound much in Thanksgiving, and to be of such a Nature, that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing Lies, or not sing at all.—Upon this Plan the following Collection of Hymns is founded:—They are intended purely for social Worship, and so altered in some Particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them.—They are short, because I think three or four Stanzas, with a Doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one Time. I am no great Friend to long Sermons, long Prayers, or long Hymns. They generally weary instead of edifying, and therefore I think should be avoided by those who preside in any public Worshipping Assembly. Besides, as the Generality of those who receive the Gospel are commonly the Poor of the Flock, I have studied Cheapness, as well as Conciseness.—Much in a little is what God gives us in his Word.—And the more we imitate such a Method in our public Performances and Devotions, the nearer we come up to the Pattern given us in the Mount.—I think myself justifiable in publishing some Hymns by way of Dialogue for the Use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our Cathedral Churches; but much more so because the Celestial Choir is represented in the Book of the Revelations, answering one another in their heavenly Anthems. That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine Fire whilst singing below, and be translated after Death to join with them in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest Prayer of, Courteous Reader,

Thy ready Servant, for Christ's Sake,



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A HYMN.

To the HOLY GHOST.

Extracted from the Ordination-Office.

COME HOLY GHOST, our Souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial Fire,
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sev'nfold Gift impart.
Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love,
Enable with perpetual Light
The Dúlness of our blinded Sight.
Anoint and chear our soiled Face,
With the Abundance of thy Grace.
Keep far our Foes, give peace at Home!
Where Thou art Guide, no Ill can come.
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And thee, of both to be but One ;
That through the Ages all along,
This, this may be our endless Song ;

Praise GOD, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below ;
Praise Him above ye heav'nly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.



Lord, on thee our Souls depend ;
 In Compassion now descend ;
 Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
 Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

In thine own appointed Way,
 Now we seek thee—here we stay ;
 Lord we know not how to go
 Till a Blessing thou bestow ;
 Send some Message from thy Word,
 That may Joy and Peace afford ;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the Time of Joy return ;
 Those that are cast down lift up,
 Make them strong in Faith and Hope ;
 Grant that those who seek may find
 Thee a God sincere and kind :
 Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N IV.

The same.

COME worship at Emmanuel's Feet,
 See in his Face what Wonders meet ;
 Words are too feeble to express
 His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

When shall we climb those higher Skies
 Where Storms and Tempests never rise ;
 Where he unveils his lovely Face,
 And shines and reigns the God of Grace ?

B

Nor Earth, nor Air, nor Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heaven, his full Resemblance bears :
Beauties we can never trace
'Till we behold him Face to Face.

H Y M N V.

Invitation.

Hither ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
A sin-disorder'd trembling Throng ;
To you the Gospel calls, to you
Messiah's Blessings all belong.

Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons
Derive no Blessing from his Tree :
For Sinners only Jesus dy'd,
Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our Grievs Messiah groan'd,
'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd ;
Our Punishment he took, he bore,
And Sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd,

Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,
And join the blissful Choirs above :
May nothing tune our future Song,
But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love.

H Y M N VI.

The same.

Sinners, obey the GOSPEL-WORD,
Haste to the Supper of our Lord ;
Be wise to know your glorious Day,
All things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own
And Kifs his late Returning Son ;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Just now the stony Heart to move ;
T' apply and witness with the Blood,
And wash and seal you Sons of God.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your blest Estate ;
Tuning their Harps they long to praise
The Wonders of Redeeming Grace.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your Lord,
To Happiness in Christ restor'd :
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of GOSPEL-GRACE.

H Y M N VII.

The same.

LET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the GOSPEL sounds
With an inviting Voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry starving Souls,
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly strive with earthly Toys
To fill an empty Mind :

Eternal Wisdom hath prepar'd
A Soul-reviving Feast,
And bids your longing Appetites
The rich Provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living Streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging Thirst
With Springs that never dry.

Dear God, the Treasures of thy Love,
Are everlasting Mines,
Deep as our helpless Mis'ries are,
And boundless as our Sins.

The happy Gates of GOSPEL-GRACE,
Stand open Night and Day,
Lord, we are come to seek Supplies
And drive our Wants away.

H Y M N VIII.

Thanksgiving.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the Pow'rs within me join
In Work and Worship so divine.

Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace ;
His Favours claim thy highest Praise :
Why shou'd the Wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in Silence and forgot ?

'Tis he, my Soul, that sent his Son
To die for Crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the Ransom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs ;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years :

He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess,
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In Work and Worship so divine.

✓ H Y M N IX.

The Same.

MY Soul repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great ;
Whose Anger is too slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our highest Thoughts exceed :

The Pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel :
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning Flower ;
If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassions Lord,
To endless Years endure ;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Words of Promise sure.

H Y M N X.

God's Goodness to his People.

THE Lord supplies his People's Need,
 Jehovah is his Name ;
 In Pastures fresh he makes them feed
 Beside the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
 When they forsake his Ways,
 And leads them for his Mercy's Sake
 In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
 His Presence is their Stay ;
 A Word of his supporting Breath
 Drives all their Fears away.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
 Doth still their Table spread,
 Their Cup with Blessings overflows,
 His Oil anoints their Head.

The sure Provisions of our God,
 Attend us all our Days :
 O may his House be our Abode,
 And all our Work his Praise !

H Y M N XI.

Morning W O R S H I P

O Lord, how many are our Foes
 In this weak State of Flesh and Blood !
 Our Peace they daily discompose,
 But our Defence and Hope is God,

Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,
 To thee we rais'd an Ev'ning Cry;
 Thou heard'st when we began to pray,
 And thine Almighty help was nigh.

Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,
 We laid us down and slept secure;
 Not Death should make our Hearts afraid,
 Though we should sleep and rise no more.

But God sustain'd us all the Night!
 Salvation doth to God belong:
 He rais'd our Head to see the Light,
 And he shall have our Morning Song.

H Y M N XII.

The same.

RISE our Souls to praise the Care
 Of Jesus true and good:
 Sing to him whose Robes appear
 As newly dipt in Blood:
 By his Pow'r we live to see
 The Dawning of another Day;
 Farther favour'd may we be,
 When here no more we stay;
 O may we in Righteousness,
 In Jesu's Arms awake!
 And the Joys the Saints possess,
 With them ere long partake:
 With our common Father sit,
 And in his heav'nly Kingdom praise
 (Bowing down before his Feet)
 The Riches of his Grace.

H Y M N XIII.

The same.

COME, let us adore
 The Lord's gracious Hand,
 (Our great GOVERNOR)
 Who gave a Command:
 And Charge to his Angels
 To watch round our Bed,
 To guard us from Evils,
 From Dangers and Dread.

Our Shepherd alone
 The Lord let us bless,
 Who reigns on the Throne
 The Prince of our Peace ;
 Who evermore saves us
 By shedding his Blood ;
 All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God !!

We daily will sing
 Thy Merits, thy Praise
 Thy merciful Spring
 Of Pity and Grace :
 Thy Kindness for ever
 To Men we will tell ;
 And say, our dear Saviour
 Redeems us from Hell.

Preserve us in Love,
 While here we abide ;
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide,
 Thy glorious Salvation ;
 Till joyful we see
 The beautiful Vision
 Completed in thee.

H Y M N XIV.

The same.

CHRIſT, whoſe Glory fills the Skies ;
 Chriſt, the true, the only Light :
 Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
 Triumph o'er the Shades of Night ;
 Day-Spring from on high be near,
 Day-Star in our Hearts appear.

Dark and chearleſs is the Morn,
 Unaccompany'd by thee ;
 Joyleſs is the Day's Return,
 'Till thy Mercy's Beams we ſee
 Lord, thy inward Light impart,
 Glad our Eyes and warm each Heart.

Viſit ev'ry Soul of thine,
 Pierce the Gloom of Sin and Grief,
 Fill with Radiancy divine,
 Scatter all our Unbelief :
 More and more thyſelf diſplay,
 Shining to the perfect Day.

H Y M N XV.

Evening W O R S H I P.

THE Saviour who kept us To-day,
 The Lamb who takes our Sins away,
 Our thankful Souls ſhall bleſs ;
 Thou worthy art, O Son of God,
 Of endleſs Praise ; for in thy Blood
 Saints ſweetly reſt in Peace.

We'll lay us down, and thou, our Lord,
With all thy Angels us will guard ;
Our Souls to thee we trust :
Thou shalt (for thou art able) keep
Our Souls among the Fellowship
Of Saints through thee made just.

H Y M N XVI.

The same.

NOW, from the Altar of our Hearts,
Let Incense Flames arise ;
Assist us, Lord to offer up
Our Evening-Sacrifice.

Awake our Love, awake our Joy,
Awake our Heart and Tongue :
Sleep not when Mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a Song.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this Day ;
Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
Do a new Song require ;
Till we shall praise thee as we would
Accept our Heart's Desire.

Lord of our Time, whose Hand hath set
New Time, upon our Score ;
Thee may we praise for all our Time,
When Time shall be no more !

H Y M N XVII.

Morning or Evening.

O God, how endless is thy Love,
 Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new ;
 And Morning Mercies, from above,
 Gently distil like early Dew.

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,
 Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours ;
 Thy Sov'reign Word restores the Light,
 And quick'ns all our drowsy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,
 To thee we consecrate our Days ;
 Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand
 Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

H Y M N XVIII.

On the LORD'S DAY.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made;
 He calls the Hours his own ;
 Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
 And Praise surround the Throne.

To-day Christ rose, and left the Dead,
 And Satan's Empire fell ;
 To day the Saints his Triumphs spread,
 And all his Wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son ;
 Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
 Salvation from thy Throne.

Hosanna, in the highest Strain
 The Church on Earth can raise !
 The highest Heavens in which he reigns
 Shall give him nobler Praise.

H Y M N XIX.

The Same.

WELCOME, sweet Day of Rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving Breast
 And these rejoicing-Eyes !

The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his Saints To-day :
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

One Day amidst the Place
 Where our dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand Days,
 Of pleasurable Sin.

Bid, Lord, our Souls to stay
 In such a Frame as this,
 And when thou call'st for them away,
 Waft them to endless Bliss.

H Y M N XX.

The Same.

SWEET is the Work, O God, our King,
 To praise thy Name, give Thanks, and sing :
 To shew thy Love by Morning Light,
 And talk of all thy Truth by Night,

Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
No mortal Care should seize our Breast ;
O may our Hearts in Tune be found,
Like David's Harp of solemn Sound !

Our Hearts should triumph in thee, Lord,
And bless thy Works, and bless thy Word ;
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy Counsels ! how divine !

O may we see, and hear, and know,
What Mortals cannot reach below :
May all our Pow'rs find sweet Employ
In Christ's eternal World of Joy.

H Y M N XXI.

Longing for the House of God.

LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are !

To his Abode,
My Soul. aspire,
With warm Desire,
To see thy God.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !

O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there !

They praise Christ still ;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Zion's Hill.

They go from Strength to Strength,
Through this dark Vale of Tears
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heav'n appears.

O glorious Seat !
Our God and King
Us thither bring,
To kiss thy Feet !

The Lord his People loves :
His Hand no Good withholds
From those his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls,
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in thee !

H Y M N XXII.

The Same.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are !
The new-born Soul both longs and faints
To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace !
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to Zion's Gate ;
God is their Strength, and through the Road
They lean upon their Helper God.

Oh may we walk with growing Strength,
 'Till we all meet in Heav'n at length :
 'Till all before Christ's Face appear,
 And join in nobler Worship there !

H Y M N XXIII.

Offices of C H R I S T.

JOIN all the glorious Names
 Of Wisdom, Love, and Power,
 That Mortals ever knew,
 That Angels ever bore :
 All are too mean
 To speak his Worth,
 Too mean to set
 Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle Terms ;
 What condescending Ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use
 To teach his heav'nly Grace !
 My Soul, with Joy
 And Wonder see
 What Forms of Love
 He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
 Our Tongues would bless thy Name :
 By thee the joyful News
 Of our Salvation came :
 The joyful News
 Of Sins forgiv'n,
 Of Hell subdu'd,
 And Peace with Heav'n.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;
Thou guilty Sinner seek
No Sacrifice beside :

His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our Conqu'ror and our King,
Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace we sing.

Thine is the Pow'r ;
O may we sit,
In willing Bonds,
Beneath thy Feet !

H Y M N XXIV.

The same.

ARRAY'D in mortal Flesh,
Christ like an Angel stands,
And hold the Promises
And Pardons in his Hands :
Commission'd from
His Father's Throne,
To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern and our Guide !
And through this desert Land
Still keep us near thy Side !

O let our Feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked Way !

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,
Who's watchful Eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring Souls among
The Thousands of his Sheep,
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His Bosoms bears
The tender Lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
My Soul, commend thy Cause.
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws :
Believing Souls
Now free are set ;
For Christ hath paid
Their dreadful Debt.

Their Advocate appears
For their Defence on high,
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by :
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.

Then let our Souls arise,
And tread the Tempter down ;
Our Captain leads us forth
To Conquest and a Crown.

A feeble Saint
 Shall win the Day,
 Tho' Death and Hell
 Obstruct the Way.

H Y M N XXV.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness,
 Sanctification, and Redemption.

BURY'D in Shadows of the Night,
 We lie, 'till Christ restores the Light;
 Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
 And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
 'Till the atoning Blood appears;
 Then they awake from deep Distress,
 And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains:
 He sets the Pris'ner free, and breaks
 The iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpless Worms in thee possess
 Grace, Wisdom, Power, and Righteousness;
 Thou art our mighty All, may we
 Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to thee!

H Y M N XXVI.

The same.

HOW heavy is the Night,
 That hangs upon our Eyes,
 'Till Christ with his reviving Light!
 Over our Souls arise!

Our guilt its dread
 To meet the Wrath of Heav'n;
 But in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our Sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
 Are all our Thoughts and Ways;
 His Hands infected Nature cure
 With sanctifying Grace.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
 To hold our Souls in vain;
 He sets the Sons of Bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed Chain.

Lord, we adore thy Ways
 That bring us near to God:
 Thy sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
 And thine atoning Blood.

H Y M N XXVII:

To the HOLY GHOST.

Creator Spirit by whose Aid
 The World's Foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry waiting Mind,
 Come pour thy Joys on Humankind;
 From Sin, and Sorrow set us free,
 And make us Temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated Heat,
 The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
 Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
 Our Hearts with heavenly Love inspire;
 Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Create all new, our Wills controul,
 Subdue the Rebel in our Soul;
 Chace from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
 And Peace, the Fruit of Faith, bestow;
 And lest again we go astray,
 Protect and guide us in thy Way.

Immortal Honours, endless Fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name:
 The Saviour Son be glorifi'd,
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd:
 And equal Adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to thee!

H Y M N XXVIII.

The same.

COME, Holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire,
 Let us thy Influence prove;
 Source of the old prophetic Fire,
 Fountain of Life and Love.

Come, Holy Ghost (for mov'd by thee
 Thy holy Prophets spoke)
 Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
 Unseal the sacred Book.

Expand thy Wings prolific Dove,
 Brood o'er our Nature's Night;
 On our disorder'd Spirits move,
 And let there now be Light.

God thro' himself we then shall know,
 If thou within us shine;
 And sound, with all thy Saints below,
 The Depths of Love Divine.

H Y M N XXIX.

✓ The same.

WHY should the Children of a King :
 Go mourning all their Days ?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 Some Tokens of thy Grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy Saints,
 And seal the Heirs of Heav'n ?
 When wilt thou banish their Complaints,
 And shew their Sins forgiv'n ?

Assure each Conscience of its Part
 In the Redeemer's Blood,
 And bear thy witness in each Heart,
 That it is born of God.

Thou art the Earnest of his Love,
 The Pledge of Joys to come ;
 May thy blest Wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey us home !

H Y M N XXX.

CHRIST's Birth.

THE King of Glory sends his Son,
 To make his Entrance on this Earth !
 Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,
 And heav'nly Host declare his Birth !

About the young Redeemer's Head,
 What Wonders and what Glories meet !
 An unknown Star arose, and led
 The eastern Sages to his Feet.

Simeon and Anna both conspire,
The infant Saviour to proclaim :
Inward they felt the sacred Fire,
And bless'd the Babe, and own'd his Name.
Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn ;
Our Souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

H Y M N XXXI.

The same.

HARK the Herald-Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King !!
Peace on Earth, And Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumphs of the Skies ;
Nature rise and worship him,
Who is born at Bethlehem.

Christ by highest Heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord ;
Late in Time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Diety !
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear.
Jesus our Emmanuel here.

Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and Life around he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings..

Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born that Men no more may die ;
Born to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born to give them second Birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy heav'nly Home :
Rise the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeness now efface,
Stamp thy Image in its Place ;
Second Adam from above,
Work it in us by thy Love.

H Y M N XXXII.

The same.

WHAT good News the Angels bring !
What glad Tidings of our King !
Christ the Lord is born To-day,
Christ who takes our Sins away,
He who rules in Heav'n and Earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his Birth ;
Him shall all his People see,
And rejoice eternally.

Lift your Hearts and Voices high,
With Hosannas fill the Sky ;
Glory be to God above !
God is infinite in Love !
Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men !
Now with us our God is seen :
Angels join with us in Praise,
Help us sing redeeming Grace.

Now the Wall is broken down,
 Now the Gospel is made known;
 Now the Door is open wide,
 Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd,
 All who feel the Weight of Sin,
 All who languish to be clean;
 All who for Redemption groan,
 May be sav'd by Faith alone.

Jesus is the lovely Name,
 This the Angel doth proclaim:
 He shall all his People save,
 They in him Remission have:
 When they see themselves undone,
 They take Refuge in the Son;
 They shall all be born again,
 And with him in Glory reign.

Shout, ye Nations of the Earth,
 Sing the triumphs of his Birth;
 All the World by him is blest;
 Sound his Praise from East to West.
 Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,
 Christ our common Lord and King;
 Christ our Life, our Joy, our Song,
 To eternity prolong.

H Y M N XXXIII.

The same.

FATHER, our Hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious Throne,
 And bless thee for the precious Gift,
 Of thine incarnate Son:

The Gift unspeakable,
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the World thy Goodness tell :
 Oh may we to thee live !

Jesus, the holy Child,
 Doth by his Birth declare,
 That God and Man are reconcil'd,
 And one in him we are.
 Salvation thro' his Name
 To lost Mankind is giv'n,
 And loud his Infant Cries proclaim
 A Peace 'twixt Earth and Heav'n.

A Peace on Earth he brings,
 Which never more shall end ;
 The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings,
 Declares himself our Friend :
 Assumes our Flesh and Blood,
 That we his Sp'rit may gain,
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal Son of Man.

O may we all receive
 The new-born Prince of Peace,
 And meekly in his Spirit live,
 And in his Love increase !
 'Till he convey us home.
 Cry ev'ry Soul aloud,
 Come, thou Desire of Nations, come,
 And take us all to God.

H Y M N XXXIV.

The Circumcision of CHRIST.

SEE, my Soul, with Wonder see
 The incarnate Deity :

D

Human Nature he assumes,
 He to ransom Sinners comes.
 He was not conceiv'd in Sin,
 He was infinitely clean ;
 Him no sinful Spot disguis'd,
 Yet, lo ! he was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteousness,
 Standing in our legal Place,
 From the Cradle to the Cross,
 All he did he did for us.
 He did all our Woes retrieve,
 He expir'd that we might live :
 By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd,
 By his Blood our Peace is seal'd.

Jesu's Pain procures our Ease,
 Jesu's Death is our Release ;
 Jesu's Cross obtains our Crown,
 Jesu's Sepulchre our Throne.
 Lord, conform us to thy Death,
 Bid our Sins yield up their Breath ;
 By thy Resurrection's Pow'r,
 Make our Souls to Glory soar.

Circumcise our filthy Hearts,
 Purify our inward Parts ;
 Lord, destroy the carnal Mind
 That in thee we Peace may find ;
 In thy Righteousness array'd,
 Let us triumph and be glad ;
 Let us walk with thee in white,
 Till we see thy Face in Light.

H Y M N XXXV.

Walt
CHRIST's Compassion for the Tempted.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame ;
He knows what sore Temptation mean,
For he hath felt the same.

He in the Days of feeble Flesh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Measure feels afresh,
What every Member bears.

He'll never quench the smoaking Flax,
But raise it to a Flame ;
The bruised Reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest Name.

Then, let our humble Faith address
His Mercy and his Pow'r ;
We shall obtain delivering Grace
In the distressing Hour.

H Y M N XXXVI.

CHRIST's Passion.

YE that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of Grievs condemn'd for you,
The Lamb of God for Sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With Nails they fasten to the Wood
 His sacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his Blood.

See there! his Temples crown'd with Thorns,
 His bleeding Hands extended wide,
 His streaming Feet tranfixt and torn,
 The Fountain gushing from his Side.

Oh, thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
 How doth thy Heart to Sinners move!
 Help us to catch thy precious Blood,
 Help us to taste thy dying Love.

The Earth could to her Center quake,
 Convuls'd while her Creator dy'd!
 O may our inmost Nature shake,
 And bow with Jesus crucify'd!

At thy last Gasp, the Graves display'd
 Their Horrors to the upper Skies;
 O that our Souls might burst the Shade,
 And, quicken'd by thy Death, arise!

The Rocks could feel thy pow'rful Death,
 And tremble, and asunder part;
 O rend with thy expiring Breath
 The harder Marble of our Heart!

H Y M N XXXVII.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

NOW for a Tune of lofty Praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son;

Awake my Voice in heav'nly Lays,
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful Earth,
He came to raise our Nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty Wrath,
Jesus the God was born to die.

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,
Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay;
Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth,
And rose to everlasting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
Up to his Throne of shining Grace;
See what immortal Glories sit
Round the sweet Beauties of his Face.

Amongst a thousand Harps and Songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns;
O may his Praise fill all our Tongues,
And echo to the heav'nly Plains.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

The same.

WHAT equal Honours shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb?
Since all the Notes that Angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name!

Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's Side.

Pow'r and Dominion are his Due
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar ;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with Madnefs here.

Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of Scandal and of Scorn ;
 While Glory shines around his Head,
 And a bright Crown without a Thorn..

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore our Sin, and Curse, and Pain ;
 Let Angels sound his sacred Name,
 And every Creature say Amen !

H Y M N XXXIX.

C H R I S T's Resurrection.

JESUS, who dy'd a World to save,
 Revives and rises from the Grave,
 By his Almighty Pow'r :
 From Sin and Death, and Hell set free,
 He Captive leads Captivity,
 And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and see
 Your Saviour cloath'd with Majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the Tomb :
 Give o'er your Griefs, cast off your Fears,
 In Heav'n your Mansions he prepares,
 And soon will take you home.

His Church is still his Joy and Crown,
 He looks with Love and Pity down,
 On her he did Redeem ;

He tastes her Joys, he feels her Woes,
And prays that she may spoil her Foes..
And ever reign with him..

Oh may we all from Sin awake,
May all in Heav'n our Places take,
Near our exalted Head !
May all our Souls to Heav'n aspire,
In Thought, in Will, in strong Desire,,
To carnal Pleasures dead..

H Y M N XL.

The Same.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in Blood no more ;
Adore the Scatterer of your Fears,
Your rising God adore.

The Saints, when he resign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes ;
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Against the Dead arise !

Alone the dreadful Race he ran,
Alone the Wine-press trod :
He dy'd and suffer'd as a Man,
He rises as a God.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Forbid an early Rise
To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradise.

H Y M N XLI.

C H R I S T's Ascension.

CLAP your Hands, ye People all,
 Praise the God on whom ye call ;
 Lift your Voice, and shout his Praise,
 Triumph in his sovereign Grace.

Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes his Seat above the Sky ;
 Shout the Angel-Choirs aloud,
 Echoing to the Trump of God !

Sons of Men, the Triumph join,
 Praise him with the Host divine ;
 Emulate the heav'nly Pow'rs,
 Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,
 Trumpet forth his conqu'ring Love ;
 Praises to our Jesus sing,
 Praises to our glorious King !

Pow'r is all to Jesus given,
 Pow'r o'er Hell, and Earth and Heav'n :
 Jesus, Power to us impart,
 Then we'll Praise with all our Heart.

H Y M N XLII.

The same.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
 That cloath'd himself in Clay,
 Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
 And tore the Bars away !

Death is no more the King of Dread,
 Since our Emmanuel rose ;
 He took the Tyrant's Sting away.
 And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,
 And Triumph in his Eyes,

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters Blessings down ;
 Our Jesus fills the middle Seat.
 Of the celestial Throne..

Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
 To reach his bless'd Abode ;
 Sweet be the Accents of our Songs
 To our incarnate God..

Bright Angels strike their loudest Strings,
 Your sweetest Voices raise ;
 Let Heav'n, and all created Things,
 Sound our Emmanuel's Praise..

H Y M N XLIII.

The same.

HAIL the Day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes ;
 Christ awhile to Mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native Heav'n.
 There the pompous Triumph waits,
 " Lift your Heads, eternal Gates !
 " Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
 " Take the King of Glory in."

Circled around with Angel-Pow'rs,
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,
 Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,
 Take the King of Glory in.
 Him, though highest Heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves ;
 Though returning to his Throne,
 Still he calls Mankind his own.

See, he lifts his Hands above ;
 See, he shews the Prints of Love ;
 Hark ! his gracious Lips bestow
 Blessings on his Church below :
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his Death he pleads ;
 Next him'self prepares our Place,
 Harbinger of human Race.

Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our Head To-day,
 See, thy faithful Servants see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, though parted from our Sight,
 High above yon azure Height,
 Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the Wings of Love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gaping after Home !
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless Reign ;
 There thy Face unclouded see,
 Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee !

H Y M N XLIV.

CHRIST'S Intercession.

WELL ! the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood.

No fiery Vengeance now,
No burning Wrath comes down ;
If Justice calls for Sinners Blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's Eye,
Our humble Suit he moves :
The Father lays his Thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honours sing ;
Jesus the Priest receives our Songs,
And bears 'em to the King.

H Y M N XLV.

The same.

LIFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats,
Where you Redeemer stays ;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital Blood ;
Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and Praise may rise,
And Saints their Off'ring bring:
The Priest with his own Sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

Ten thousand Praises to the King,
Hosanna in the high't!
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.

H Y M N XLVI.

Praising CHRIST.

AWAKE, and sing the Song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his rising Pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose Sins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our Hearts
Ascending with our Tongues,
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspire our Songs.

Sing 'till we hear Christ say,
"Your Sins are all forgiv'n,"
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day,
'Till we all meet in Heav'n.

H Y M N XLVII.

The same.

COME, my Brethren, Isr'el's Race,
And hear me bless my King;
Hear me my Beloved praise,
My Jesus do I sing:
Neither hear my Song alone,
But help, O help me to proclaim
Jesus, our Creator's Son;
Jesus! that lovely Name.

Others sing their Time away,
Who Jesus never knew;
Ought not we to pass our Day
In Joy and Singing too?
Others have they Cause to bless?
The Children of the King have more;
They have Christ, their Righteousness!
Their Glory, Peace and Pow'r.

Bow thy Throne, thou Son of God!
And with a living Coal
From the Altar, stain'd with Blood,
Inspire each drowsy Soul.
Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can shew,
Or fully who can sing thy Praise?
Lord, we fail in Hymns below,
Teach! teach us heav'nly Lays.

H Y M N XLVIII.

CHRIST worshipped by all his Creatures.

COME, let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne,
E

Ten thousand thousands are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;

Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine ;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XLIX.

The same.

SURE thy Name is Wonderful
Counsellor, the mighty God,
Whom the heav'nly Hosts adore,
Praise we through the Earth abroad.

Thou the Godhead bearing down,
To the Sight of mortal Man,
Flesh in Form, and God in Pow'r,
Suited art to all thy Plan.

Center'd in thy lovely Face,
Judgment, Mercy, both appear,
All the Father's Honour meets,
All his Glory triumphs here.

Wonderfully form'd to raise
 Adam's fallen helples Race,
 Form'd to purchase, and secure,
 For thy People, boundless Grace.

Thou that Prophet art and King,
 Thou the Priest foretold to rise;
 Thou the Sacrificer art,
 Thou too art the Sacrifice.

Lamb of God, that once wast slain,
 Bleeding on the painful Tree,
 Risen and ascended high,
 We adore thy Majesty.

Wonderful art thou in Pow'r,
 But most wonderful in Love;
 Be thou all our Theme below,
 Be thou all our Heav'n above!

Hallelujah.

H Y M N L.

The same.

YE Servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful Name,
 The Name all victorious
 Of Jesus extol:
 His Kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save,
 And still he is nigh,
 His Presence we have.

The great Congregation
His Triumph shall sing,
Ascribing Salvation
To Jesus our King,

Salvation to God,
Who sits on the Throne ;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son,
Our Jesus's Prince of Life
The Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their Faces,
And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
And give him his Right,
All Glory and Pow'r
And Wisdom and Might ;
All Honour and Blessing,
With Angels above,
And Thanks never ceasing,
And infinite Love.

H Y M N LI.

Te Deum.

HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praise
Thy Goodness and Pow'r,
Thou God of all Grace !
With Honour and Blessing,
Before thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing
Thee Father of all.

The Heav'ns and Earth,
And Water and Air,
To thee owe their Birth,
Subsist by thy Care ;
While Angels are singing
Thy Praises above,
We mortals are bringing
Our Tribute of Love.

Thou, Saviour, art one
With God the Supreme,
His eternal Son,
And equal with him :
Invested with Glory,
On high dost thou sit,
While Angels adore thee,
And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love !
How wond'rous thy Grace :
Thou cam'st from above
To save a lost Race ;
And, Man to deliver,
Of Mary wast born,
That ev'ry Believer
To God might return.

How soon will thy Seat
Of Judgment appear !
Prepare us to meet
And welcome thee there.
Thy witnessing Spirit
In us shed abroad,
And bid us inherit
The Kingdom of God.

The Father and Son
 And Spirit agree,
 To constitute one :
 Compleat Deity :
 Sweet Jesus, thy Merit
 Makes our Peace with God,
 And by thy good Spirit
 Fall'n Souls are renew'd.

H Y M N LII.

To the T R I N I T Y :

BLEST be the Father and his Love,
 To whose celestial Source we owe
 Rivers of endless Joys above,
 And Hills of Comfort here below !

Glory to thee, great Son of God !
 Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
 A precious Stream of vital Blood,
 Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the Sacred Spirit Praise,
 Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
 Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
 And into boundless Glory flow !

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, we adore,
 That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
 Without a Bottom or a Shore.

H Y M N LIII.

The same.

HAIL holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless Praise to thee ;
Supreme, essential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three !

Inthron'd in everlasting State,
E'er Time its Round began,
Who join'd in Council to create
The Dignity of Man.

All that the Name of Creature owns,
To thee in Hymns aspire ;
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Choir !

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless Praise to thee ;
Supreme, essential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three !

H Y M N LIV.

The same.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our Tongues,
Sinners from his free Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.

Ye Saints employ your Breath,
In Honour to the Son ;
Who brought your Souls from Hell and Death,
By off'ring up his own,

Give to the Spirit Praise,
Of an immortal Strain ;
Whose Light, and Pow'r, and Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.

While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The same Record within !

To the great One and Three,
That seal the Grace in Heav'n,,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory gi'n..

HYMN LV.

The same:

WE give immortal Praise
To God the Father's Love ;
For all our Comforts here,
And better Hopes above,
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for Sinners
That Man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlasting Woe.
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To God the Spirit's Name,
Immortal Worship give ;
Whose new-creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinners live.

His Work compleats
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty God to thee
Be endless Honours done ;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One !

Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails
And Love adores.

H Y M N LVI.

The same.

TO him that chose us first,
Before the World began :

To him that bore the Curse

To save rebellious Man ;

To him that form'd

Our Hearts anew,

Is endless Praise

And Glory due.

'The Father's Love shall run

Thro' our immortal Songs !

We bring to God, the Son,

Hofannas on our Tongues.

Our Lips address

The Spirit's Name,

With equal Praise

And Zeal the same.

Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angel round the Throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One ;
 Thus Heav'n shall raise
 His Honours high,
 When Earth and Time
 Grow old and die.

H Y M N LVII.

Angels praise the Lord.

THE Lord, the Soverign King,
Hath fixed his Throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.
Ye Angels great in Might,
And swift to do his Will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.
Let the bright Hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praise they sing
While all his wond'rous Works
Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shall sing his Graces too.

H Y M N LVIII.

The brazen Serpent.

WITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd
When Isr'el's mourning Tribes complain'd,

And sigh'd to be reliev'd,
A Serpent strait the Prophet made,
Of molten Brass to View display'd,
The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But, oh, what healing to the Heart
Does, Jesu's greater Cross impart,
To those who seek a Cure?
Isr'el of old, and we no less,
The same indulgent Grace confess,
Whilst Life and Breath endure.

To Reason's View, so strange Effect,
Self-righteous Souls will still reject,
And perish in their Pride!
Not so the stung with Sin and Law,
These all their rich Salvation draw
From Jesu's bleeding Side.

May we then view the matchless Cross,
And other Objects count but Loss,
No other Gain explore!
Here still be fix'd our feasted Eyes,
Teeming with Tears of glad Surprize,
And thankfully adore!

Hail great Emmanuel, balmy Name!
Thy Praise the Ransom'd will proclaim,
Thee we Physician call;
We own no other Cure but thine,
Thou the Deliverer Divine,
Our Health, our Life, our all.

H Y M N LIX.

God made Man.

O Lord our God, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

When we behold thy Work on high,
The Moon that rules the Night
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Those moving Worlds of Light.

Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with Grace,
And love his Nature so ?

That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To save a dying Worm !

Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

H Y M N LX.

Faith in CHRIST.

HOW sad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it stains ;
And Satan binds our Captive Souls
Fast in his slavish Chains.

M
Meet
To re
Join,
Angels

But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace
 Sounds from God's sacred Word ;
 Ho ! ye despairing Sinners, come .
 And trust upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,
 And run to this Relief !
 We would believe thy Promise, Lord,
 O help our Unbelief !

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
 Teach us, O Lord, to fly :
 There may we wash our spotted Souls
 From Crimes of deepest Dye !

Stretch out thy Arm, victorious King,
 Our reigning Sins subdue ;
 Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
 With his infernal Crew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms,
 Into thy Hands we fall ;
 Be thou our Strength and Righteousness,
 Our Jesus, and our All !

H Y M N LXI.

Thanksgiving.

MEET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and King ;
 Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,
 To rehearse his solemn Praise.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
 Angels help the chearful Sound ;

Ch Wesley
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Publish thro' the World abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.

Praises here to thee we give
Gracious thou our Thanks receive;
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's Name;
Saviour, thee we ever bless,
Thee our Lord and God confess.

H Y M N . LXII.

Therefore with Angels, &c.

LORD and God of heav'nly Pow'rs,
Theirs — yet oh benignly ours!
Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy Name.

Thee to laud in Songs divine,
Angels and Archangels join;
We with them our Voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal Praise.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God most high!

H Y M N . LXIII.

Glory be to God on high, &c.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose Glory fills the Sky;

Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n;
Man the well-belov'd of Heav'n.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine Attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

Hail by all thy Works ador'd,
Hail the everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful Hearts we prove;
Lord of Pow'r, and God of Love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for Sinner slain,
Saviour of offending Man!

Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy Blood;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement thou!

Hear; for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy gracious Sire, art one!
One the Holy Ghost, with thee,
One Supreme eternal Three.

H Y M N LXIV.

It is finish'd.

'TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head;
Whilst we this Sentence scan,
Come, Sinners, and observe the Word,
Behold the Conquests of our Lord,
Compleat for helpless Man.

Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,
 Finish'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace;
 Their mighty Debt is paid :
 Accusing Law, cancel'd by Blood,
 And Wrath of an offended God,
 In sweet Oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second Claim ?
 The Law no longer can condemn,
 Faith a Release can shew :
 Justice itself a Friend appears,
 The Prison-house a Whisper hears,
 Loose him and let him go.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar !
 Source of tormenting fruitless Fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
 'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry Cry.

His Toil, divinely finish'd stands,
 But, ah ! the Praise his Word demands ;
 Careful may we attend !
 Conclusion to our Souls be this,
 Because Salvation finish'd is,
 Our Thanks shall never end.

H Y M N LXV.

Adoption.

BEHOLD what wond'rous Grace,
 The Father has bestow'd
 On Sinners of a mortal Race,
 To call them Sons of God!

Nor doth it yet appear,
How great they will be made ;
But when they see their Saviour here,
Saints shall be like their Head.

A Hope so much divine,
May Trials well endure ;
May purge their Souls from Sense and Sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

O Lord, if in thy Love
We share a filial Part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
To rest upon each Heart.

Suffer us not to lie
Like Slaves before thy Throne ;
Let each now, Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the Kindred own.

H Y M N LXVI.

Enjoyment of CHRIST.

LORD, what a Heav'n of saving Grace !
Shines thro' the Beauties of thy Face,
O light our Passions to a Flame !
Then shall we love thy charming Name.

Then will a Scene of sacred Joy,
Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employ ;
Then shall we long to gaze away,
A long and everlasting Day.

Send Comforts, Lord, from thy Right Hand,
While we pass thro' this barren Land :

And in thy Temple let us see
A Glimpse of Love, a Glimpse of thee.

H Y M N LXVII.

Glory and Grace in the Person of CHRIST.

NOW to the Lord; a noble Song;
Awake, my Soul, awake my Tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless Love proclaim!

See where it shines in Jesu's Face!
The brightest Image of his Grace;
God, in the Person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest Works outdone.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming Theme;
Exult, my Soul, at Jesus Name!
Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound;
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground!

Oh that we all may reach the Place,
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And sing his Name to Harps of Gold!

H Y M N LXVIII.

Looking to JESUS.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is seen on his Throne!
His Labours are o'er,
His Conquests put on:
A Kingdom is giv'n
Into the Lamb's Hand,

In Earth and in Heav'n;
For ever to stand.

Ye Sinners below
Then trust in the Lord;
Look up to his Arm,
His Honour, his Word:
Athirst for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy evermore!

✓ H Y M N LXIX.

First and second Adam.

DEEP in the Dust, before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy Name,
Whence sprung our Nature and our Shame.

But whilst our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terroirs of thy Law,
We sing the Honours of thy Grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd Race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our Nature to his own:
Adam, the second, from the Dust
Raises the Ruins of the first.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,
There have the Sons of Adam found
Abounding Life; there glorious Grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness.

H Y M N IXX.

Salvation.

SALVATION ! O the joyful Sound !
What Pleasure to our Ears !
A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

Buried in Sorrow, and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay !
Oh may we rise by Grace divine,
To see a heav'nly Day !

Salvation ! let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky,
Conspire to raise the Sound.

H Y M N LXXI.

CHRIST'S Victory over Satan.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King !
The Prince of Darknefs flies ;
His Troops rush headlong down to Hell,
Like Light'ning from the Skies.

There bound in Chains the Lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd Sheep !
But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r
And Malice to the Deep.

Hofanna to our conqu'ring King !
All hail, incarnate Love !
Ten thousand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

Thy Vict'ries and thy deathly Fame,
Thro' the wide World shall run ;
And everlasting Ages sing
The Triumphs thou hast won.

H Y M N LXXII.

A Blessed GOSPEL.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound,
Peace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Before Prayer.

SING to the Lord, Jehovah's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice ;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Psalms of Honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
The whole Creation's King.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious Hand ;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills must stand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come kneel before his Face :
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace !

H Y M N LXXIV.

The Church is God's House and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait,
Ye Saints, that to his House belong,
Or stand attending at his Gate.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good,
To praise his Name is sweet Employ ;
Isr'el he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his Love,
People and Priests exalt his Name ;
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells,
His Church is his Jerusalem.

H Y M N LXXV.

Praising God.

GIVE Thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of Kings,
And be his Grace ador'd.

His Pow'r and Grace
 Are still the same.
 And let his Name
 Have endless Praise.

How mighty is his Hand !
 What Wonders hath he done !
 He form'd the Earth and Seas,
 And spread the Heav'ns alone,
 Thy Mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure,
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.

He saw the Nations lie,
 All perishing in Sin,
 And pity'd the sad State,
 The ruin'd World was in.
 Thy Mercy Lord,
 Shall still endure,
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.

He sent his only Son
 To save us from our Woe,
 From Satan, Sin, and Death,
 And ev'ry hurtful Foe.
 His Pow'r and Grace
 Are still the same,
 And let his Name
 Have endless Praise.

HYMN LXXVI.

The same.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord,
Eternal Truth attends thy Word;
Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN LXXVII.

Desiring CHRIST's Love to be shed
abroad in the Heart.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The Joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length
Of thine unmeasureable Grace.

Now to the God whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done,
By all the Church, through Christ his Son!

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

NOW to the Pow'r of God Supreme,
Be everlasting Honours giv'n ;
He saves from Hell, (we bless his Name)
He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

Not for our Duties or Deserts,
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us Grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry Sky.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And make his Father's Councils known :
Declares the great Transactions past,
And brings immortal Blessings down.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Sight of God and CHRIST in Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The Reach of these inferior Things.

O for a Sight, a pleasing Sight !
Of our Almighty Father's Throne !
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with Light,
Cloath'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him stand,
And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall ;
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet Glories on them all.

When shall the Day, dear Lord, appear,
That we shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy Face, and sing thy Love ?

H Y M N LXXX.

Inviting to Praise.

COME, guilty Souls, and flee away,
Like Doves to Jesu's Wounds,
This is the welcome GOSPEL-Day,
Wherein free Grace abounds.

God lov'd the World, and gave his Son
To drink the Cup of Wrath :
And Jesus says, he'll cast out none
That come to him by Faith.

H Y M N LXXXI.

The same.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise ;
His Nature and his Works invite,
To make this Duty our Delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his Clouds around the Sky :
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,
And cloaths the smiling Fields with Corn ;
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight,
He views his Children with Delight :
He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
And looks and loves his Image there.

H Y M N LXXXII.

The same.

YE Seekers of God, whose diligent Care
Is ever imploy'd in Christ's Blood to share,
With Praises unceasing, your Jesus proclaim,
Rejoicing, and blessing his excellent Name.

'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his House,
And lift up your Hands, and pay him your Vows ;
And whilst we are giving our Jesus his Due,
Do thou, blessed Spirit, our Natures renew !

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Universal Praise.

HARK ! dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing
Strives t'adore our bounteous King,
Each a double Tribute pays,
Sings its Part, and then obeys.

Wake, for Shame, my sluggish Heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy Part ;
Learn of Birds, and Springs and Flow'rs,
How t' employ thy nobler Pow'rs.

Call whole Nature to thy Aid,
Since 'twas he whole Nature made ;
Join we in one endless Song,
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by all thy Works ador'd ;
One in Three, and Three in One,
All things bow to thee alone.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

The New Creation.

ATTEND while God's eternal Son,
Doth his own Glories shew ;
" Behold, I sit upon my Throne,
" Creating all Things new.

" Nature and Sin are past away,
" And the old Adam dies ;
" My Hands a new Foundation lay,
" See a new World arise !"

Mighty Redeemer, set us free
From our old State of Sin ;
O make our Souls alive to thee,
Create new Pow'rs within.

Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,
And mould our Hearts afresh ;
Give us new Passions, Joys, and Fears,
And turn the Stone to Flesh.

Far from the Regions of the Dead,
 From Sin and Earth and Hell ;
 In the new World thy Grace hath made,
 May we for ever dwell !

H Y M N LXXXV.

Longing for Christ.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood,
 Hide us within thy Wounds, then Pain
 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
 Forever clos'd to all but thee ;
 Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear
 That Pledge of Love for ever there.

How blest are those who still abide
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding Side !
 Who Life and Strength from thence derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
 That thou should'st Man to Glory bring !
 Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
 Deck'd with a Never-fading Crown !

Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty Thought,
 To know the Wonders thou hast wrought ;
 Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell
 Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

First born of many Brethren thou,
 To thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow
 Help us to thee our All to give,
 Thine may we die, thine may we live !

H Y M N LXXXVI.

The Same.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall we find our longing Hearts
All taken up by thee ?

Oh make me pant and thirst to prove
The Greatness of redeeming Love,
The Love of Christ to me.

God only knows the Love of God ;

O that it now were shed abroad

In each poor stony Heart !

For Love I'd sigh, for Love I'd pine,

This only Portion, Lord, be mine,

Be mine this better Part !

O that we could for ever sit

With Mary, at the Master's Feet,

Be this our happy Choice !

Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,

Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth, be this,

To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Thy only Love may we require,

Nothing on Earth, beneath Desire,

Nothing in Heav'n above ;

Let Earth and all its Trifles go,

Give us, O Lord, thy Love to know,

Give us thy precious Love.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

Commit thy Way unto the Lord, &c.

COME, my Soul, before the Lamb,
 Fall and do him Rev'rence :
 Bless him for his Blood and Name,
 Sing his great Deliv'rance.

Why should Sorrow bow thee down,
 Trials or Temptation ?
 Is not Christ upon the Throne,
 Still thy strong Salvation ?

Cast thy Burdens on the Lord,
 Leave them with thy Saviour ;
 He (whose Hands for thee were bor'd)
 Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy Rest, my Soul,
 Turn thee and discover
 How he yet is merciful,
 Turn thee to thy Lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,
 Who can happy make thee ;
 Gaze upon him who thee bought,
 'Till to him he takes thee.

Leave thy earthly Cares behind,
 Mind alone thy Saviour ;
 Count thou all beside but Wind,
 Trample on it ever.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

The Christian Race.

AWAKE our Souls, away our Fears ;
 Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone ;
 Awake and run the heav'nly Race :
 And put a chearful Courage on.

True 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
 And mortal Spirits tire and faint :
 But we forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

O mighty God, thy matchless Pow'r ;
 Is ever new and ever young ;
 And firm endures, while endless Years
 Their everlasting Circles run.

From thee, the overflowing Spring,
 Believers drink a fresh Supply,
 While such as trust their native Strength,
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift an Eagle cuts the Air,
 Oh may we mount to thine Abode !
 On Wings of Love to Jesus fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road !

H Y M N LXXXIX.

We love him because he first loved us.

OF him who did Salvation bring,
 Lord, may we ever think and sing !
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ;
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring ;
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
Devils with Force, and Men with Love.

To shame our Sins, Christ blush'd in Blood,
He clos'd his Eyes to shew us God ,
Let all the World fall down and know,
That none but God such Love could show.

H Y M N XC.

Persevering Grace.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praises bring.

'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counsel and his Care,
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints,
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great,

Then all the chosen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs.

H Y M N XCI.

To JESUS CHRIST.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just,
 Oh tune our Souls to praise thy Name,
 Jesus ! unchangeable, the same !

If Angels, whilst to thee they sing,
 Wrap up their Faces in their Wing,
 How shall we sinful Dust draw nigh
 The great, the awful Deity ?

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I Am :
 With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we bless,
 Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus ! live,
 Worthy all Blessings to receive !
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit
 With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

H Y M N XCII.

Unfruitfulness.

LONG have we sat beneath the Sound
 Of thy Salvation, Lord,
 But still how weak our Faith is found,
 And Knowledge of thy Word !

Oft we frequent thy holy Place,
 Yet hear almost in vain :
 How small a Portion of thy Grace
 Do our false Hearts retain !

Our gracious Saviour and our God,
How little art thou known,
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Blessings of thy Throne ?

How cold and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fear !
How low our Hope of Joys above,
How few Affections there !

Great God, thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Success ;
Write thy Salvation on our Hearts,
And make us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on high ;
Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love shall never die.

H Y M N XCIII.

The Church, a Garden.

ZION's a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen, and made peculiar Ground ;
A little Spot inclos'd by Grace,
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

Like Spicy Trees, Believers stand,
Planted by an Almighty Hand ;
And all the Springs in Zion flow,
To make the rich Plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume ;

Spirit divine, descend, and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make thou our Spices flow abroad,
A grateful Incense to our God ;
Let Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And every Grace be active here.

H Y M N XCIV.

Redemption found.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and Night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix each wav'ring Mind,
To thy Cross our Spirits bind ;
Earthly Passions far remove,
Swallow up our Souls in Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Misery ;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n.

H Y M N XCV.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

OUR drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
Awake each sluggish Soul ;

Nothing has half our Work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

The little Ants, for one poor Grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood!

Lord shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our Parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And fit and warm our Hearts.

Then shall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls shall rise;
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love,
We'll fly and take the Prize.

H Y M N XCVI.

CHRIST'S Righteousness imputed to
Believers.

HAPPY he who e'er believes,
The Embassy of Peace,
Who at Jesu's Hand receives
The Gift of Righteousness:
God is his Salvation's God,
The Lord is his Almighty Shield;
He with Grace shall be endow'd,
And then with Glory fill'd.

H

Did the Sin of Adam slay,
 And ruin all his Race ?
 Jesus takes our Sins away,
 By suffering in our Place :
 He perform'd what God requir'd,
 And answer'd all the Law demands ;
 In his Right'ousness attir'd,
 The true Believer stands.

Moses, at a Distance, saw
 This Righteousness divine !
 In the Volume of the Law,
 How clearly doth it shine !
 Holy Men, and Prophets old,
 Beheld from far the bleeding Lamb,
 Of his Righteousness foretold,
 And trusted in the same.

How perversely did the Jews
 His Righteousness discard !
 Shall we then his Love abuse,
 And slight his great Reward ?
 Of the Law he is the End,
 And after we have done our best,
 On his Grace we must depend,
 And in his Merits rest.

What a Mystery of Love
 In God's Designs appears !
 Jesus coming from above,
 Our Sin and Torment bears :
 God imputes Man's Sins to him ;
 Imputes to Man his Righteousness ;
 Guilty he doth Christ esteem,
 And guiltless us confess.

H Y M N XCVII.

God's Condescention to our Worship.

THY Favours, Lord, surprize our Souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What can'st thou find beneath the Poles,
To tempt thy Chariot downward thus?

Still might he fill his starry Throne,
And please his Ears with Gabriel's Songs;
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

Great God! what poor Returns we pay,
For Love so infinite as thine?
Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay;
But thy Compassion's all divine.

H Y M N XCVIII.

The Same.

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlasting Praises fly,
And tell how large his Bounties are.

He that can shake the Worlds he made,
Or with his Word, or with his Rod,
His Goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Into the Bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.

Oh ! could our thankful Hearts devise
 A Tribute equal to thy Grace,
 To the third Heav'n our Songs should rise,
 And teach the Golden Harps thy Praise.

H Y M N XCIX.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
 In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly Toys ;
 Our Souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal Joys !

In vain we tune our formal Songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
 And our Devotion dies.

Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying Rate ;
 Our Love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great ?

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N C.

The same.

TO praise redeeming Love,
 Dear Christians, lend a Voice ;
 Come thou diviner Dove,
 And help us to rejoice !
 Our Hearts, too low,
 Lord, thou canst raise ;
 Blest Spirit, blow,
 And we shall praise.

Here, Lord, may we admire
 The Riches of thy Grace,
 'Till thou shalt call us higher,
 There to behold thy Face :
 Oh Height of Grace,
 Oh Depth of Love !
 Lord fit us for
 Our Place above,

Who can thy Love express ?
 Thy Mercy ne'er decays !
 What can our Souls do less
 Then love thee all our Days !
 Bless God, each Soul,
 Ev'n unto Death !
 And write a Song
 For ev'ry Breath.

H Y M N C I.

Praise to God for Creation and
Redemption.

LET them neglect thy Glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy Grace ;
But our loud Songs shall still record
The Wonders of thy Praise.

We raise our Shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy Throne ;
All Glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a Word ;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd Frame,
Salvation to the Lord !

Hosanna ! let the Earth and Skies
Repeat the joyful Sound ;
Rocks, Hills, and Vales reflect the Voice
In one eternal Round.

H Y M N C II.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

BEGIN, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,
And speak some boundless Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,
Of our Eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,
And sound his Pow'r abroad,

Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying Men;
His Hand hath writ the sacred Word:
With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass,
The mighty Promise shines;
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze
Those everlasting Lines.

O might we hear thine heav'nly Tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine!
Those gentle Words should raise my Song,
To Notes almost divine.

How would our leaping Hearts rejoice,
And think our Heav'n secure!
Give us to hear thy gracious Voice,
And Faith desires no more.

H Y M N CIII.

Resurrection of Christ.

BLESS'D Morning, whose young dawning Rays)
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
And leave his last Abode!

In the cold Prison of a Tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed Day.

Hell and the Grave unite their Force,
 To hold our God in vain ;
 The sleeping Conqu'ror arose,
 And burst their feeble Chain.

To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
 These sacred Hours we pay,
 And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
 The Triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal Praise,
 To our victorious King ;
 Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas,
 With glad Hosannas ring.

H. Y. M. N. CIV.

Praise to the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,
 We wretched Sinners lay,
 Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
 Or Spark of glim'ring Day.

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless Grief ;
 He saw, and (O amazing Love !)
 He ran to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
 And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh ! for this Love let Rocks and Hills,
 Their lasting Silence break,

And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold ;
But when you raise your highest Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N CV.

Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

COME, all harmonious Tongues,
Your noblest Music bring ;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the Man, we sing,

Tell how he took our Flesh,
To take away our Guilt ;
Sing the dear Drops of sacred Blood,
That hellish Monsters spilt.

Down to the Shades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head ;
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When Death itself is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,
The Cross and Nails no more ;
For Hell itself shakes at his Name,
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's Throne :
The Father lays his Vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

H Y M N CVI.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven?

OH the Delights, the heav'nly Joys.
The Glories of the Place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams.
Of his o'erflowing Grace!

Sweet Majesty and awful Love,
Sit smiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Distance bow.

His Head, the dear majestic Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound;
See what immortal Glories shine,
And circle it around!

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts shall love him more.

Lord, set our Spirits all on Fire
To see thy bless'd Abode;
And tune our Tongues to sing the Praise
Of our incarnate God!

H Y M N CVII.

Look on him whom they pierced, and
mourn:

INFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!
Behold our bleeding Lord;
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his Death,
And us'd the Roman Sword.

Oh the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain,
 Our dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
 His sacred Body tore !

But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
 In vain do we accuse ;
 In vain we blame the Roman Bands,
 And the more spiteful Jews.

'Twere you, our Sins, our cruel Sins
 His chief Tormentors were ;
 Each of our Crimes became a Nail,
 And Unbelief the Spear.

'Twere you that pull'd the Vengeance down
 Upon his guiltless Head :
 Break, break our Hearts, oh burst these Eyes
 And let our Sorrows bleed.

Strike, mighty Grace, each flinty Soul,
 'Till melting Waters flow,
 And deep Repentance drown our Eyes
 In undissembled Woe.

H Y M N CVIII.

The same.

A LAS ! and did our Saviour bleed ?
 And did our Sov'reign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred Head
 For such a Worm as I ?

Was it for Crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the Tree ?
 Amazing Pity ! Grace unknown,
 And Love beyond Degree.

Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,
 And shut his Glories in,
 When God the mighty Maker dy'd,
 For Man the Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
 While his dear Cross appears ;
 Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
 And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
 The Debt of Love I owe ;
 May I here give myself away !
 'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N CIX.

The same.

IS there a Thing beneath the Sky,
 Can Comfort bring, or Satisfy,
 But our dear Saviour's Wounds ?
 Here is a sweet and constant Peace,
 A Treasure full of Richest Grace,
 All else are empty Sounds.

Attend my Soul, sink down with Shame
 Before his Face, who only came
 To suffer Bleed and die ;
 O think upon thy Sin, and Guilt,
 For which his precious Blood was spilt,
 Thou didst him crucify.

See, thou vile Piece of Sinful Dust,
 Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy Lust,
 'Till Drops of Blood fall down !
 See how he yonder prostrate lies !
 Observe his mournful Pray'r and Cries,
 Mark ev'ry Tear and Groan.

See thy Dear Lord dragg'd like a Thief,
Amidst Contempt, and Stripes, and Grief,

For thee a Sacrifice :

Fasten'd unto the shameful Wood,
Despis'd by Men, and bath'd in Blood ;
So dear thy Ransom Price !

Lord, did'st thou suffer thus for me ?

Did'st thou feel all this Misery

To give me Life and Peace ?

Then let me bear it on my Heart,

My All is purchas'd with thy smart,

Thy Blood signs my Release.

H Y M N CX.

Distinguishing Love ; or Angels punish'd
and Man saved.

DOWN headlong from the native Skies
The Rebel-Angels fell !

And Thunder-Bolts of flaming Wrath
Pursu'd them deep to Hell.

Down from the Top of earthly Bliss

Rebellious Man was hurl'd ;

And Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave,

To reach a sinking World.

Oh Love of infinite Degree !

Unmeasurable Grace !

Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die,

To save a trait'rous Race ?

Must Angels sink for ever down,

And burn in quenchless Fire ;

While God forsakes his shining Throne

To raise us Wretches higher ?

Oh for this Love, let Earth and Skies
 With Hallelujahs ring,
 And the full Choir of human Tongues
 All Hallelujahs sing !

H Y M N CXI.

CHRIST'S Commission.

COME, happy Souls, approach your God
 With new melodious Songs ;
 Come, tender to Almighty Grace
 The Tributes of your Tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the Love
 That pity'd dying Men,
 The Father sent his equal Son,
 To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging Rod ;
 No hard Commission to perform
 The Vengeance of a God.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
 And Wrath forsook the Throne,
 When Christ on the kind Erand came,
 And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
 And wipe your Sorrows dry ;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,
 And you shall never die.

O dearest Lord, melt down our Souls
 T' accept thine offer'd Grace ;
 Then will we bless the Saviour's Love,
 And give the Father Praise.

H Y M N CXII.

The Same.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
 To an immortal Tune ;
 Let the Wide Earth resound the Deeds
 Celestial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
 Its chief Beloved chose,
 And bid him raise our wretched Race
 From their Abyss of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
 Nor Terror Cloaths his Brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty Souls
 To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
 And Wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with Pardons down
 To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
 Let hopeless Sorrow cease ;
 Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
 And take the offer'd Peace.

Lord, we obey the Call ;
 We lay an humble Claim
 To the Salvation thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy Name.

H Y M N CXIII.

Behold I stand at the Door and knock, &c.

WE magnify thy Grace, O Lord ;
 How plenteously hast thou prepar'd
 A Supper for thy Saints !
 All Things are ready, thou hast said,
 A Table thou hast richly spread,
 To answer all our Wants.

Now, Lord, allure our Souls to thee,
 O kindly bid us come and see,
 And taste how good thou art ;
 Knock with the Hammer of thy Word,
 Knock by thy pow'ful Spirit, Lord,
 Lord break into each Heart.

Darkness and Unbelief remove,
 And ravish all our Souls with Love,
 Cast out the Pow'r of Sin ;
 Jesus, attend our feeble Pray'r,
 And for thyself our Hearts prepare,
 Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let Comfort, Love, and Joy and Peace,
 Like Rivers flow, and still increase,
 Unto the Ocean driv'n :
 Lord condescend to sup with me,
 And grant I now may sup with thee,
 And sup at last in Heav'n.

H Y M N CXIV.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of
God.

AND are we Wretches yet alive ?
And do we yet rebel !
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love,
That bears us up from Hell.

The Burden of our weighty Guilt
Would sink us down to Flames,
And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble Frames.

Almighty Goodness cries, Forbear,
And strait the Thunder stays ;
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace ?

Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin ;
Oh that our Hearts may bleed, to see
What Rebels we have been !

No more, our Lusts, may ye command,
No more may we obey !
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand,
And drive thy Foes away.

H Y M N CXV.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a
Mediator.

COME, let us lift our Joyful Eyes
Up to the Courts above,

And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a Throne of Love.

Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And shot devouring Flame;
Our God appear'd consuming Fire,
And Vengeance was his Name.

Rich were the Drops of Jesu's Blood,
That calm'd his Frowning Face,
That sprinkl'd o'er the burning Throne,
And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.

Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
No double-flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heav'nly Bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our Notes of Praise,
And reach th' Almighty Throne.

To thee ten thousand Thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And Glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his Fury by.

H Y M N CXVI.

The Darknes of PROVIDENCE.

LORD, we adore thy vast Designs,
Th' obscure Abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Sense.

Now thou array'st thine awful Face,
In angry Frowns without a Smile;
Saints thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compassion still.

Through Seas and Storms of deep Distress,
They sail by Faith, and not by Sight;
Faith guides them in the Wilderness,
Thro' all the Briars of the Night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine Arm shall bear us safely thro'.

H Y M N CXVII.

The Priesthood of CHRIST.

BLOOD has a Voice to pierce the Skies,
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries:
But the dear Stream when Christ was slain,
Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry Vein.

Pardon and Peace, from God on high;
Behold he lays his Vengeance by;
And Rebels that deserve his Sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our Praises rise,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.

H Y M N CXVIII.

The Benefit of Publick Ordinances.

AWAY from ev'ry mortal Care,
Away from Earth our Souls retreat ;
We leave this worthless World afar,
And wait and worship near thy Seat.

Lord, in the Temple of thy Grace,
We see thy Feet, and we adore ;
We gaze upon thy lovely Face,
And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.

While here our various Wants we mourn,
United Groans ascend on high ;
And Prayer bears a quick Return
Of Blessings in Variety.

Father, our Souls would still abide
Within thy Temple, near thy Side ;
But if our Feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy Dwelling in my Heart.

H Y M N CXIX.

Infant-Baptism.

THUS did the Sons of Abr'ham pass
Under the bloody Seal of Grace :
The young Disciples bore the Yoke,
'Till Christ the painful Bondage broke.

By milder Ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's Cov'nant and his Love :
He seals to Saints his glorious Grace ;
And not forbids their Infant-Race.

Their Seed is sprinkled with his Blood,
 Their Children set apart for God ;
 His Spirit on their Offspring shed,
 Like water pour'd upon the Head.

Let every Saint with chearful Voice
 In this large Covenant rejoice ;
 Young Children in their early Days,
 Shall give the God of Abr'ham Praise.

H Y M N CXX.

The Offices of CHRIST.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with Truth and Grace ;
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word,
 Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his Blood,
 And lives to cary on his Love,
 By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King ;
 How sweet are his Commands !
 He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin,
 By his Almighty Hands.

Hofanna to his glorious Name,
 Who saves by diff'rent Ways !
 His Mercies lay a sov'reign Claim
 To our immortal Praise.

H Y M N CXXI.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
On Jewish Altars slain,
Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
Or wash away the Stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our Sins away ;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.

My Faith would lay her Hand
On that dear Head of thine,
While like a Penitent I stand,
And there confess my Sin.

My Soul looks back to see
The Burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed Tree,
And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the Curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with chearful Voice,
And sing his bleeding Love.

H Y M N CXXII.

GOD reconciled in CHRIST.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
Our Jesus and our God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood ?

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death,
The Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceding Breath
The Spirit dwells with Men.

Till God in human Flesh I see,
My Thoughts no Comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are Terrors to my Mind.

But if Emmanuel's Face appear,
My Hope, my Joy begins !
His Name forbids my slavish Fear,
His Grace removes my Sins.

While Jews on their own Law rely,
And Greeks of Wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my Trust.

HYMN CXXIII.

For New Year's Day.

THE Lord of Earth and Sky,
 The God of Ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless Days ;
 Who lengthens out our Trial here,
 And spares us yet another Year.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
 We cumber'd long the Ground,
 No Fruit of Holiness
 On our dead Souls was found ;
 Yet doth he us in Mercy spare,
 Another, and another Year.

When justice bar'd the Sword
 To cut the Fig-Tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cry'd, Let it still alone.
 The Father mild inclines his Ear,
 And spares us yet another Year.

Jesus, thy speaking Blood
 From God obtain'd the Grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer Space :
 Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another Year !

Then dig about our Root,
 Break up our fallow Ground,
 And let our gracious Fruit
 To thy great Praise abound :

O let us all thy Praise declare,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

H Y M N CXXIV.

Adult-Baptism.

DESCEND, celestial Dove !
In ev'ry Bosom dwell ;
Upon the present Water move,
While we the Influence feel.

Anoint with holy Fire,
Baptize with purging Flames
This Soul, and with thy Grace inspire,
In ceaseless living Streams.

Thy heav'nly Unction give,
Thy Promise, Lord, fulfil,
Give Pow'r thy Spirit to receive
And Strength to do thy Will.

Thy Ord'nance we obey,
O meet us in the same ;
And with this Water now convey
The Virtues of thy Name.

Witness to this thy Sign,
And grant the inward Grace ;
Let this thy Servant seal'd for thine,
From hence depart in Peace.

H Y M N CXXV.

Humiliation.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;

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Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death ;
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

Behold, we fall before thy Face,
Our only Refuge is thy Grace ;
No outward Forms can make us clean,
The Leprosy lies deep within.

Jesus, our God, thy Blood alone,
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone ;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make our down-cast Hearts rejoice.

H Y M N CXXVI.

The same.

LORD, we would spread our sore Distress
And Guilt before thine Eyes ;
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace,
How high our Crimes arise !

Shouldst thou condemn our Souls to Hell,
And crush our Flesh to Dust,
Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,
And Earth must own it just.

Cleanse us, O Lord, and chear each Soul
With thy forgiving Love ;
O make our broken Spirits whole,
And bid our Pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive us from thy Face,
Create a-new our vicious Hearts,
And fill them with thy Grace.

H Y M N CXXVII.

At the Death of a Believer.

WHY do we mourn departing Friends,
Or shake at Death's Alarms ?
'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as Time can move ?
Why should we wish the Hours more slow,
That keep us from our Love ?

Why should we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb !
There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet Perfume.

The Graves of all his Saints he bless'd,
And soft'ned every Bed ;
Where should the dying Members rest,
But with their dying Head ?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our Feet the Way ;
Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly
At the great rising Day.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Funeral.

TEACH me the Measure of my Days,
 Thou Maker of my Frame ;
 I would survey Life's narrow Space,
 And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boast,
 An Inch or two of Time ;
 Man is but Vanity and Dust
 In all his Flow'r and Prime.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,
 Like shadows o'er the Plain,
 They rage, and strive, desire and love,
 But all their Noise is vain.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
 Some dig for golden Ore ;
 They toil for Heirs they know not who,
 And fruit are seen no more.

We are but Strangers here below,
 As all our Father's were :
 May we be well prepar'd to go,
 When we the Summons hear !

H Y M N CXXIX.

The same.

MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
 And think how near it stands,

When thou must quit this House of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

Oh could we die with those that die,
And place us in their Stead !
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the Dead.

Then should we see the Saints above
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls should love
To dwell with mortal Worms.

H Y M N CXXX.

O come let us sing unto the Lord.

DISCIPLES of Christ,
Ye friends of the Lamb,
Attend and assist
In singing his Fame :
Eternal Thanksgiving
The Faithful should pay,
The living, the living,
As we do this Day.

A Body of Clay
He humbly put on,
And then took away
The sin we had done :
And in it endured
The Wrath to us due,
The Curse we incurred,
Our Stripes and our Woe.

Nor only he died,
 But also arose,
 Laid Weakness aside,
 And over his Foes
 (Sin, Death, and the Devil)
 He triumphed o'er,
 And every Evil,
 Dominion and Pow'r.

O merciful Lamb,
 Who sits on the Throne,
 We bow at thy Name,
 We count thee alone
 Deserving our Blessing,
 And Blessing we'll give,
 Without ever ceasing
 So long as we live.

H Y M N CXXXI.

For the fifth of November.

SHOUL to the Lord, and let our Joys
 Thro' the whole Nation run ;
 Ye British Skies, resound the Noise
 Beyond the rising Sun.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
 Thee our glad Voices sing,
 And join with the celestial Choir
 To praise th' eternal King.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
 And on the starry Skies
 Sits smiling at the weak Designs.
 Thine envious Foes devise,

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
 And with an awful Frown
 Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
 And shakes their Babel down.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
 From their malicious Pow'r ;
 Let Britian with united Songs
 Almighty Grace adore.

H Y M N CXXXII.

A Song of Praise to God from Great
 Britain.

NATURE with all her Pow'rs shall sing
 God the Creator and the King ;
 Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,
 Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

Begin to make his Glories known,
 Ye Seraphs that sit near his Throne ;
 Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound
 To the Creation's utmost Bound.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame
 Exert your Force, and own his Name ;
 Whilst with our Souls and with our Voice
 We sing his Honours and our Joys.

He builds and guards the British Throne,
 And makes it gracious like his own ;
 Makes our successive Princes kind,
 And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Raise monumental Praises high
 To him that thunders thro' the Sky :
 The strongest Notes that Angels raise
 Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

At Dismission.

NO farther go To-night, but stay,
 Dear Saviour, till the Break of Day :
 Turn in, dear Lord, with me ;
 And in the Morning when I wake,
 Me in thine Arms, my Jesus, take,
 And I'll go on with thee.

The same.

I Will lay me down to sleep,
 And Safely take my Rest ;
 Me commend to Jesu's Grace,
 And as upon his Breast.
 So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,
 While Troops of Angels are my Guard ;
 O, my Shepherd, love and keep,
 And be my great Reward.

The same.

NONE but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore ;
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be for evermore.
 None among the Heav'nly Pow'rs,
 Nor one on Earth, our Praise may claim ;
 None but Jesus call we ours,
 None but the bleeding Lamb !

Gloria Patri.

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend
 Whose Love is as large as his Pow'r,
 And neither knows Measure nor End.
 'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

PRAISE God, from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise him, all Creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Be Glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

FATHER Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Join we with the heav'nly Host
 To praise thee evermore.
 Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
 Three in One and One in three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All Glory be to thee.

SING we to our God above,
 Praise, eternal as his Love :
 Praise him, all ye heav'nly Host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
 Our Guilt and Curse t' remove,
 To that blest Sp'rit who Life imparts,
 Who rules in all believing Hearts.
 Be endless Glory, Praise and Love.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be Praise amidst the heav'nly Host
 And in the Church below ;
 From whom all Creatures drew their Birth,
 By whom Redemption blest the Earth,
 From whom all Comforts flow.

GIVE to the Father Praise,
 Give Glory to the Son,
 And to the Spirit of his Grace
 Be equal Honour done.

TO God the Father's Throne,
 Perpetual Honours raise :
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit Praise :
 With all our Pow'rs,
 Eternal King,
 Thy Name we sing.
 While Faith adores.

H Y M N S

F O R

SOCIETY, and Persons meeting in Christian-Fellowship.

H Y M N I.

For S O C I E T Y.

WHO can have greater Cause to sing.
 Who greater Cause to bless,
 Than we the Children of the King
 Than we who Christ possess,
Than we who Christ possess,
Than we who Christ possess?

With Angel-Hosts, dear Lamb, we join
 To praise thy Love and Pow'r,
 To magnify thy Grace divine,
 Thou mighty Counsellor,
Thou mighty Counsellor,
Thou mighty Counsellor.

We late were Satan's Captives led ;
 And Hell had been our End,
 Hadst thou not for our Pardon bled,
 Thou Sinners only Friend,
Thou Sinners only Friend,
Thou Sinners only Friend.

For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,
 Nor shall our Praises cease ;
 We evermore will sing that Song,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
The Lord our Righteousness,
The Lord our Righteousness.

No other God we know but thee,
 None else did us create ;
 Thy Glory may we ever be,
 O holy Advocate,
O holy Advocate,
O holy Advocate.

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take
 The Mediator's Place,
 When we the Father's Statutes brake,
 All hail thou Prince of Peace !
All hail thou Prince of Peace !
All hail thou Prince of Peace !

We daily prove thee still the same,
 Whene'er our Need we see ;
 Thou bearest still a Saviour's Name,
 Our Saviour thou shalt be !
Our Saviour thou shalt be !
Our Saviour thou shalt be !

No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death.

Shall us from thee divide;

Strongly we hold that precious Faith,

For us our Saviour dy'd,

For us our Saviour dy'd

For us our Saviour dy'd.

H Y M N II.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,

Thy better Portion trace;

Rise from transitory Things,

Tow'rs Heav'n, thy native Place.

Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,

Time shall soon this Earth remove;

Rise, my Soul, and haste away

To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,

Nor stay in all their Course:

Fire ascending seeks the Sun,

Both speed them to their Source:

So a Soul that's born of God

Pants to view his glorious Face,

Upwards tends to his Abode,

To rest in his Embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,

Press onward to the Prize;

Soon our Saviour will return

Triumphant in the Skies:

Yet a Season and you know
 Happy Entrance will be given,
 All our Sorrows left below,
 And Earth exchanged for Heaven.

H Y M N III.

Calling to follow JESUS.

COME, my Father's Family,
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
 Come, ye Sinners, who with me
 Are ev'ry where abhor'd ;
 Let us gladly trace his Steps,
 Who suffer'd Death among the Jews,
 Who the friendless Soul accepts,
 Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
 Our Master let us own,
 He the sacrifice for Sin,
 The Saviour he alone :
 Let us take and bear his Cross,
 Despis'd Disciples let us be ;
 Mock'd and slighted, as he was
 For you, my Friends, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore :
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be for evermore :
 None among the heav'nly Powers,
 Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim,
 None but Jesus call we ours,
 None but the bleeding Lamb !

HYMN IV.

The Same.

COME, ye Lovers of the Lamb,
Join in publishing his Fame ;
Let the whole Society
Sing our Saviour's Clemency.

Who like us so favour'd are ?
We the Lord's peculiar Care ?
We the precious Stones of God,
Dearly purchas'd by his Blood.

Who can make their Boast like us ?
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus ?
We can boast, for we are made
Kings and Priests in Christ our Head.

Jesus (when we all were poor)
Out of Love's eternal Store
Gave to each of us a Crown,
Gave us Mansions on his Throne.

Neither leaves us desolate,
While we're in our Pilgrim State :
Here he talks with us, and we
Him by Faith's Perspective see.

Him we commune with by Pray'rs,
Well perswaded he us hears ;
Sure we do not pray in vain,
He kind Answers gives again.

Best of Friends the Lord we prove,
He ne'er changes in his Love ;

Faithful, gracious, good, the same
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

Evermore we sing to thee,
High exalted Deity ;
Bless we thee, eternal Son,
Glory be to thee alone !

H Y M N V.

CHRIST our great Melchisedec.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No Music like thy charming Name
Ne'er half so sweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy Voice,
In mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our Theme,
While in this World we stay,
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely Name,
When all Things else decay :
When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our Song.

H Y M N VI.

Peace of God's Children.

LOVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Author of our Unity,

Making Wars and Jarrings cease,
Causing Men, tho' Foes, t' agree,

Kindly rule in us ;
Make us happily go on,
Helping each to bear his Cross,
Stedfast 'till our Work is done.

Let us, like a Flock of sheep,
Close together persevere,
True by one another keep,
Each esteeming very dear,
Altogether move :
Truly subject be the whole,
Bound in Bands of truest Love,
One in Heart, and Mind, and Soul.

May we all one Faith maintain,
One sole Doctrine witness too,
Christ the Lord our God was slain,
Slain for us, and this is true,
He will ours abide ;
He will our dear Portion be,
He who on Mount Calvary dy'd,
Jesus, Jesus, only he !

Strive we who shall love the most,
Who shall most in Faith excel,
Who can of the Saviour boast,
Who can most of Jesus tell :
This employ us all :
Daily this contend we for,
Daily 'till the Lamb shall call,
Prosper'ing daily more and more.

Let us Hand in Hand proceed,
Little loving Children be,

Dead to Sin, to all Things dead,
 But alive, dear Lamb to thee ;
 So continue firm ;
 While beneath us thou wilt lay
 Thy eternal out-stretch'd Arm,
 'Till we wake in endless Day.

H Y M N VII.

Sitting under CHRIST's Shadow.

BLOOD of Jesu's Wounds, how good
 Sounds it in our Ears and Hearts !
 Nothing, surely, like that Blood,
 Can such solid Bliss impart ;
 Oh 'tis most divine !
 Weary Sinners hither fly,
 Laden with their crimson Sin,
 This blots out the Dreadful Dye.

You who have the Law obey'd,
 You who Righteousness t'attain,
 Earnestly by Works assay'd,
 But have found your Strife in vain,
 Turn you to Christ's Blood,
 Thither look, and you no more
 Shall lament an absent God,
 Nor your dreadful State deplore.

Who so after Rest enquires,
 Let him to this Blood approach ;
 Who so truly Peace desires,
 Jesu's Blood affordeth much :
 Be persuaded then ;
 Lift ye up your downcast Eyes,
 See the Saviour bleeding slain,
 There thy Rest, poor Sinner, is.

Here may we take up our Place,
 Here for ever happy be !
 Here wrap up our blushing Face,
 Seeking nought beside to see !
 Here we now sit down,
 Trusting in his Blood, and prove
 What the Lord for us hath done ;
 Who can fully tell his Love ?

H Y M N VIII.

Te Deum, or Song of Praise.

D I A L O G U E.

WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,
 Who sav'd us by thy Grace ;
We praise thee, Son of Man, whose Blood
Redeem'd our fallen Race.

We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
 Father ere Time began ;
Thou art by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

To thee all Angels cry aloud,
 Thro' Heaven's extended Coasts ;
Hail, holy, holy, holy God
Of all immortal Hosts !

The Cherubim and Seraphim
 Are always praising thee ;
The Worlds and all the Pow'rs therein
Adore thy Majesty.

The Prophets goodly Fellowship,
 In milky Garments drest,
Praise thee, thou holy God, and reap
The Fulness of thy Rest.

Th' apostles' glorious Company
 Thy righteous Praise proclaim ;
The martyr'd Army glorify
Thy everlasting Name.

Thro' all the World thy Churches join
 T' acknowledge thee the Head ;
Father of Majesty divine,
Who ev'ry Pow'r has made.

Also thy true and only Son,
 Thy Family confess ;
King of thy Saints, to us made known,
The Lord our Righteousness.

Also the Holy Ghost we praise,
 The Spirit of the Lord,
The Comforter, whose kindling Rays
Our dying Souls restor'd.

H Y M N IX.

Holy Strife in praising CHRIST.

RISE, O ye Seed of David, rise,
 Daughters of Zion, sing ;
Up, Sons of Jacob, Jesus praise,
Salute th' auspicious King.

Our Souls arise, and may our Tongue
 Be tun'd to praise the Lamb !
So ready be our ransom'd Throng
To magnify his Name.

Why stay we then ? the Lord extol,
 Zion, break forth in Praise ;
Join ev'ry heavenly minded Soul
In pure seraphic Lays,

Open, ye everlasting Doors,
Divide, ye Gates of Bliss,
*We with Dominions, Thrones and Powers,
Praise Christ our Righteousness.*

H Y M N X.

The same.

LET us, the Sheep by Jesus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's Mercy Bless ;
*Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our Thankfulness.*

Not unto us, to thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be Glory giv'n !
*Here shall thy Praises be begun,
But carried on in Heav'n.*

The Host of Spirits now with thee
Eternal Anthems sing ;
*To imitate them here, lo ! we
Our Hallelujahs bring.*

Had we our Tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our Songs should rise ;
*Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the Sacrifice.*

'Till we the Veil of Flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker Lays :
*And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,
We'll join in nobler Praise.*

H Y M N XI.

Pilgrim's Hymn, a Dialogue.

TELL us, O Women, we wou'd know
 Whither so fast ye move ?
*We, call'd to leave the World below,
 Are seeking one above.*

Whence came ye, say, and what the Place
 That ye are trav'ling from ?
*From Tribulation, we thro' Grace,
 Are now returning Home.*

Is not your Native Country here ?
 Like you not this Abode ?
*We seek a better Country far,
 A City built by God.*

Thither we travel, nor intend
 Short of that Bliss to rest ;
*Nor we, 'till in the Sinners Friend
 Our weary Souls are bless'd.*

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
 Saviour, we ask no more ;
*Hail Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,
 Whom Heav'n and Earth adore !*

H Y M N XII.

Resting under the Cross

CHILDREN of Isr'el, see what Shade
 The Cross does us afford ;
*It was for weary Trav'lers made,
 We thank thee for it, Lord.*

A while sit down, and we'll prepare
 To sing his worthy Fame ;
*Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
 Christ Jesus is his Name.*

We sing thy Suff'rings, Wounds, and Blood,
 The Virtue of thy Pain ;
*We sing thy Griefs, thou dying God,
 Thou Lamb for Sinners slain.*

We hail thee, thou, by Jews revil'd
 To thee we bow the Knee ;
*Hail ! very God, the promis'd Child,
 The Prophets sang of thee.*

While others praise an unknown God,
 We each will sing of thee ;
*Jesus has wash'd me in his Blood,
 And lov'd and dy'd for me.*

H Y M N XIII.

General Praise to CHRIST.

ONCE slaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,
 We sing to thy eternal Name,
 The whole Assembly join ;
 To yonder Harper's Harp we tune
 Our solemn Songs, and round the Throne
 We sing the Man divine.

Our poor unmeet Society,
 Mix with the happy Company
 Of Christians gone before ;
 And as they bless Messiah's Blood,
 We imitate their Song, and God
 The holy Lamb adore.

Brethren and Sisters all agree
 To sing he lov'd and dy'd for me ;
 I thank him for his Grace :
 Quickly thy Chariot, Lord, send down,
 To bear us to the wish'd for Throne,
 Where we may see thy Face.

Or if thou here wouldst have us stay
 A longer Space, lo ! we obey ;
 Only let us be sure
 That Heav'n is ours, die when we will
 And let thy Sp'rit be with us still,
 And we'll desire no more.

H Y M N XIV.

Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the Sons of God,
 They are bought with Christ's own Blood,
 They are ransom'd from the Grave,
 Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the World begun ;
 They the Seal of this receive
 When on Jesus they believe.

They are justifi'd by Grace,
 They enjoy a solid Peace ;
 All their Sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great Day

They produce the Fruits of Grace,
 In the Works of Righteousness !
 They are harmless, meek, and mild,
 Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of a heav'nly Birth;
Born of God, they hate all Sin,
God's pure Seed remains within.

They have Fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's Blood;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they suffer much on Earth,
Strangers quite to this World's Mirth,
Yet they have an inward Joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.

They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint Heirs with Christ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in Eternity!

H Y M N XV.

Peace of Christianity, in a Dialogue.

HO Pilgrims (if ye Pilgrims be)
We want to join with you;
*Poor Christian-Travellers are we,
To Canaan's Land we go.*

No Peace (though we have sought) we find
In any Country here;
*T'was therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, Name, and Character.*

We ne'er such Pleasure knew before,
As now in him we know;

M

*Peace (since our Saviour's Cross we bore)
Like Rivers in us flow.*

Let others then delight them here,
Their Trifles we despise ;
*The heav'nly Kingdom we prefer,
The Blis of Paradise.*

Then joyful let us journey on
To certain Rest above ;
*Singing to him on yonder's Throne
Of free electing Love.*

H Y M N XVI.

Glorifying GOD in CHRIT.

DIALOGUE.

B Rethren sing,—'tis right you shou'd,
Sing our Saviour's precious Blood ;
*Daughters of Jerusalem,
Join we willingly the Theme.*

Shout for Joy, ye happy Men,
Lo ! for you the Lamb was slain ;
*Highly favour'd Women, praise,
Jesus in celestial Lays.*

Hail redeeming Lamb, who late
Suffer'd Death without the Gate !
*Hail ! for by thy Death and Cross,
Thou hast purchas'd Heav'n for us.*

None but Jesus will we sing,
None but Jesus, Israel's King ;
*None but Jesus will we laud.
None but Christ our Lord and God.*

Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou
Praise to have and Honour too ;
Worthy thou of Bliss and Pow'r,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

H Y M N XVII.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known,
Join in a Song with sweet Accord,
And thus surround the Throne.

The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banish'd from the Place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our Pleasures less.

The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
From Hope and Faith may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred Sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.

H Y M N XVIII.

The Wisdom of God Foolishness with
Men.

O Saviour, thou thy Myſteries
Haſt often cover'd from the Wiſe,
And Babes thy Glory ſhew'd ;
Thy Wiſdom far ſurpaſſes all
What ſtudious Mortals Wiſdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

The nat'ral Man can't right conceive
The Glorious Things which we believe,
How thou did'ſt us redeem ;
The Things thy Spirit teaches us,
The Merit of thy Blood and Croſs,
Are Fooliſhneſs to him.

They this World's Wiſdom ſeek and gain,
That Wiſdom which thou calleſt vain,
But Oh ; are ſtrangers ſtill
To that which makes our Spirits wiſe,
And ſets before our waiting Eyes
What is our Saviour's Will.

Thrice happy then are we, who prove
The Peace of God, his Truth, and Love
Things freely to us giv'n,
Theſe Earneſts are of greater Blifs,
The Earneſt of that Happineſs
Which we ſhall have in Heav'n.

H Y M N XIX.

The Triumph of Faith.

HEAD of the Church triumphant !

We joyfully adore thee ;
 Till thou appear,
 Thy Members here,
 Shall sing like those in Glory.
 We lift our Hearts and Voices
 With blest Anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The Praise of our Salvation.
 While in Affliction's Furnace,
 And passing thro' the Fire,
 Thy Love we praise,
 Which knows our Days,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our Hands exulting
 In thine Almighty Favour,
 The Love divine
 Which made us thine
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy People
 Thro' Torrents of Temptation,
 Nor will we fear,
 Whilst thou art near,
 The Fire of Tribulation.
 The World with Sin and Satan
 In vain our March opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break thro' them all,
 And sing the Song of Moses.

By Faith we see the Glory,
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The Cross despise
 For that high Prize
 Which that hast set before us,
 And if thou count us worthy
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right Hand,
 To take us up to Heav'n.

H Y M N XX.

The same

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
 Your Lord and King adore,
 Mortals give Thanks and sing
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your Heart, Lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of Truth and Love,
 When he had purg'd our Stains,
 He took his Seat above :
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
 The Keys of Death and Hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n :
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right Hand
 Till all his Foes submit,
 And bow to his Command,
 And fall beneath his Feet :
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice ;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Rejoice in Glorious Hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his Servants up
 To their eternal Home :
 We soon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's Voice,
 The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

H Y M N XXI.

Little Children, love one another.

GIVER of Concord, Prince of Peace,
 Meek Lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly Passions cease,
 O quench them with thy Blood.

Us into closest Union draw,
 And in our inward Parts
 Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,
 Let Love command our Hearts.

O let thy Love our Hearts constrain,
 Jesus the Crucified !
 What hast thou done our Hearts to gain,
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and died !

Who would not now pursue the Way
 Where Jesu's Footsteps shine ?
 Who would not own the pleasing Sway
 Of Charity divine ?

O let us find the Ancient Way,
 Our wondring Foes to move,
 And force the Heathen World to say,
 " See how these Christians love !"

H Y M N XXII.

The Communion of Saints.

P A R T I.

COME, and let us sweetly join
 Christ to praise in Hymns divine ;
 Give we all with one Accord,
 Glory to our common Lord :
 Strive we, in Affection strive,
 Let the purer Flame revive,
 Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
 Dying Champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jesu's Name,
 Now, as Yesterday the same ;
 One in ev'ry Age and Place,
 Full of Love, of Truth, and Grace,
 Christ is now gone up on high,
 (Thither may our Wishes fly) :
 Sits at God's Right-Hand above,
 There with him we reign in Love !

H Y M N XXIII.

P A R T II.

PARTNERS of a glorious Hope,
 Lift your Hearts and Voices up :
 Jointly let us rise and sing,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Monuments of Jesu's Grace,
 Speak we by our Lives his Praise,
 Walk in him we have receiv'd,
 Shew we've not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in Light,
 God our Hearts doth still unite;
 Dearest Fellowship we prove,
 Fellowship of Jesu's Love:
 Sweetly each with each combin'd,
 In the Bonds of Duty join'd,
 Feels the cleansing Blood apply'd.
 Daily feels that Christ hath dy'd.

Still, O Lord, our Faith increase,
 Cleanse from all Unrighteousness;
 Thee, th' unholy cannot see;
 Make, O make us meet for thee!
 Ev'ry vile Affection kill,
 Free our Souls from ev'ry Ill,
 Conquer ev'ry inbred Sin,
 Write thy Law of Love within.

Hence may all our Actions flow,
 Love the Proof that Christ we know;
 Mutual Love the Token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee!
 Love thy Image, Love impart,
 Stamp it fully on each Heart;
 Only Love to us be giv'n,
 Lord, we ask no other Heav'n.

H Y M N XXIV.

P A R T III.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
 Faith's effectual fervent Prayer;

*Printed at
 Sale in
 Sheffield
 in 1886*

J. J.

*These words are quoted in "Songs of
 Euthanasia" published about
 Feb. - Dec. 12. 1795. See his list
 of "Songs of Euthanasia".*

Hear, and our Petitions seal,
 Let us now the answer feel :
 Mystically one with thee,
 Transcript of the Trinity ;
 Thee let all our Nature own,
 One in three, and three in one.

Build us in one Body up,
 Call'd in one high Calling's Hope ;
 One the Spirit whom we claim
 One the pure baptismal Flame,
 One the Faith, and common Lord,
 One the Father lives ador'd,
 Over, thro' and in us all,
 God incomprehensible.

One with God, the Scentre of Bliss,
 Ground of our Communion this ;
 Life of all that live below,
 Let thy Emanations flow ;
 Rise eternal in our Heart,
 Thou our only Eden art ;
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost.

H Y M N XXV.

P A R T IV.

HUSBAND of thy Church below,
 Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
 Unto thee betroth'd in Love,
 Always faithful let us prove,
 Never rob thee of our Heart,
 Never give the Creature part ;
 Only thou possess the Whole,
 Take our Body, Spirit, Soul.

Stedfast let us cleave to thee,
 Love the mystic Union be ;
 Union to the World unknown,
 Join'd to God, in Spirit one.
 Wait we 'till the Spouse shall come,
 'Till the Lamb shall take us Home ;
 For his Heav'n the Bride prepare,
 Solemnize our Nuptials there.

Let it hence to all be known,
 Thou art with thy Father one ;
 One with him in us be shew'd,
 Very God of very God :
 Sent our Spirits to unite,
 Sent to make us Sons of Light,
 Sons that we his Grace may prove,
 All the Riches of his Love,

H Y M N XXVI.

P A R T V.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow.
 Comforting thy Saints below,
 Hear us, who thy Nature share,
 Who thy mystic Body are ;
 Join us, in one Spirit join,
 Let us still receive of thine,
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thee who fillest all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
 Diverse Gifts to each divide ;
 Plac'd according to thy Will,
 Let us all our Works fulfil ;
 Never from our Office move,
 Needful to the others prove,

Use the Grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the blessed God.

Many are we now, and one,
We who Jesus have put on :
There is neither Bond nor Free,
Male nor Female, Lord, in thee.
Love, like Death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all Distinctions void ;
Names and Sects, and Parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all !

H Y M N XXVII.

P A R T VI.

KING of Saints, to whom are giv'n
All in Earth, and all in Heav'n,
Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,
Join'd and gather'd into one :
Heirs of Glory, Sons of Grace,
Lo ! to thee our Hopes we raise,
Raise and fix our Hopes on thee,
Full of Immortality.

Absent in our Flesh from Home,
We are to Mount Sion come ;
Heaven is our Soul's Abode,
City of the living God ;
Enter'd there our Seats we claim
In the new Jerusalem ;
Join the countless Angel-Quire,
Greet the First-born Sons of Fire.

We our Elder-Brethren meet,
We are made with them to sit ;

Sweetest Fellowship we prove
 With the general Church above ;
 Saints who now their Names behold,
 In the Book of Life enroll'd,
 Spirits of the righteous, made
 Perfect now in Christ their Head.

Life his healing Blood imparts,
 Sprinkled on our peaceful Hearts ;
 Abel's Blood for Vengeance cry'd,
 Jesus speaks us justify'd !
 Speaks and calls for better Things,
 Makes us Prophets, Priests, and Kings ;
 Asks that we with him may reign,
 Earth and Heaven, say Amen !

H Y M N XXVIII.

For Persons join'd in Fellowship.

TRY us, O God, and search the Ground
 Of every sinful Heart ;
 Whate'er of Sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless,
 But guide our Feet into the Way
 Of everlasting Peace.

Help us to help each other Lord,
 Each other's Cross to bear ;
 Let each his friendly Aid afford,
 And feel his Brother's Care.

Help us to build each other up,
 Our little Stock improve,

N

Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

Then when the mighty Work is wrought,
Receive the ready Bride;
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
With all the Sanctify'd.

H Y M N XXIX.

The Same.

JESUS Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy Name agree,
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our Jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling Love,
Every Stumbling-Block remove,
Each to each unite, indear,
Come and spread thy Banner here.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his Brother's Burden bear,
To thy Church the Pattern give,
Shew how true Believers live.

Let us then with Joy remove
To thy Family above,
On the Wings of Angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die.

H Y M N XXX.

At Meeting.

BLEST by Jesu's Providence,
Lo ! we meet again in Peace ;
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious Place !

When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign ;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midst a Host of perfect Men.

There shall Sorrow not intrude,
Grief shall never there appear :
Wash'd in our Redeemer's Blood,
We shall stand made free from Fear.

Come, dear Fellows, joyful, come,
Forward boldly let us press,
Humbly let our Souls presume,
Trust in Jesu's Righteousness.

Pray we for the Promis'd Hour,
When the Family compleat,
Borne on Clouds, and girt with Pow'r,
In the House above shall meet.

Master, hasten on thy Day,
Glorious to thy Judgment come !
Call thy trav'ling Saints away,
Lord, we long to be at Home !

H Y M N XXXI.

At Parting.

BLEST be the dear uniting Love,
That will not let us part;
Our Bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's Footsteps tread,
And do his Work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.

Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd Embrace,
Expect his Fulness to receive,
And Grace to answer Grace.

But let us hasten to the Day
Which shall our Flesh restore,
When Death shall all be done away,
And Bodies part no more.

H Y M N XXXII.

Adoring CHRIST.

WORTHY is Christ, our Paschal Lamb,
Who bow'd his Head, and bore our
Shame.

On God's eternal Throne to reign ;
For he for us, for us, was slain.

From ev'ry People, Land, and Tongue,
He calls his Royal conqu'ring Throng ;
Let all thy Host, thy Grace confess,
And call thee Lord our Righteousness.

We praise thee, thou whose Spirit rests
On us thy Kings, on us thy Priests ;
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
And bought and ransom'd by his Blood.

Let every Spirit now with thee,
And all on Earth, and all on Sea,
Thy Wisdom bless, and fill thy Throne,
With Worship due to thee alone.

Be Pow'r and Riches ever thine !
And Strength and Majesty divine !
By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd,
The only, everlasting Lord !

H Y M N XXXIII.

The same.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our Joy and Peace ;
Let our Praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's Right-Hand in Heav'n !

Master, see to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou ;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy Church and Head.

Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest, our King;
Worthy is thy Name of Praise,
Full of Glory, full of Grace.

Thou hast the glad Tidings brought
Of Salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy Church! and we
Worship in their Company.

We, thy little Flock adore
Thee, the Lord for evermore!
Ever with us, shew thy Love,
'Till we join with those above!

H Y M N XXXIV.

Longing for the latter Day.

HOW many Years have we been driv'n
Out from our Eden, from our Heav'n?
Lord it is Time that thou restore
Thy wand'ring Church, to roam no more.

Six thousand Years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy Sight was cast:
So long ago his fallen Race
From Age to Age were void of Peace.

Pris'ner in Houses made of Clay,
And out of Sight of Heav'nly Day,
They cannot chuse but daily mourn,
'Till they from Banishment return.

When will the happy Trump proclaim
The Judgment of the marry'd Lamb?
When shall the Captive Troops be free,
And keep th' eternal Jubilee!

Hasten, O God, in ev'ry Land,
 Send thou thine Angels, and command;
 Go sound Deliv'rance ; loudly blow
 Salvation to the Saints below !

We want to have the Day appear !
 The promis'd great Sabbatic-Year.
 When far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,
 Israel in ceaseless Peace shall dwell !

'Till then, we will not let thee rest,
 Thou still shalt hear our strong Request,
 And this our daily Pray'r shall be,
 Lord, sound the Trump of Jubilee !

H Y M N XXXV.

All Nations shall serve him.

SAVIOUR, King, assume thy Pow'r,
 Thou that art the Conqueror ;
 Lead thy promis'd Glory on,
 Bring the Nations to thy Throne.

Japhet's Isles, do bless thy Name,
 Let the West thy Worth proclaim ;
 Wash the Ethiopian clean ;
 In the East new Signs be seen.

Great the Band of those be found,
 Who proclaim the joyful Sound ;
 Let it to thy Israel come,
 Let it bring the Wand'ers Home.

To the Brightness of thy Face,
 Fly in Troops the suppliant Race ;

Princes shall adorn the Train,
Monarchs bow and bless thy Reign.

When like Lightning thro' the Skies,
Will thy latter Glory rise ?
When shall we behold thy Pow'r,
When salute the accomplish'd Hour ?

Quickly Lord thy Triumph bring,
Tongues and Kindred wait to sing ;
Then shall all the chosen Race
Shout aloud redeeming Grace. Hallelujah..

H Y M N XXXVI.

The Divine Sovereignty..

OUR God reigns, ye Lands, rejoice,
Lift, ye Isles a thankful Voice ;
Every Throne by one controul'd,
Well secures the passive World..

Higher than the Sons of Pride,
He bids raging Waves subside ;
Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,
The Whole centers to his Will..

How unfathomably wise,
Beauteous too his Counsel lies !
Ev'ry Way his Will his done,
Ev'ry Way his Justice shown.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
All subserves his standing Word ;
Satan lets, and Men object,
Yet the Thing they thwart, effect..

Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
Jesus will his Kingdom hold ;
Wheels encircling Wheels must run,
Each in Place to bring it on.

Blest is Faith, that trusts his Pow'r,
Blest are Saints that wait his Hour :
Haste, great Conqu'ror, bring it near,
Let the glorious Close appear. Hallelujah

H Y M N XXXVII.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

COME, divine Emanuel, come,
Take Possession of thy Home,
Now thy Mercy's Wing expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land.

Carry on thy Victory,
Spread thy Rule from Sea to Sea,
Re-convert the ransom'd Race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by Grace.

O that ev'ry Soul might be
Suddenly subdu'd to thee !
O that all in thee might know
Everlasting Life below !

Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land;
Take Possession of thy Home,
Come, divine Immanuel, come !

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Rejoicing in Hope.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey Sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy Praise,
Glorious in his Works and Ways !

We are trav'ling Home to God,
In the Way the Fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their Happiness shall see.

O, ye banished Seed be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;
Us to save, our Flesh assumes,
Brother to our Souls becomes.

Shout, ye little Flock and blest,
You on Jesu's Throne shall rest ;
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward.

Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand
On the Borders of your Land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on,

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

End of the 1st edition 1730
profection

SUPPLEMENT,

HYMN XXXIX.

Breathing after Holiness.

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
 Joy of Heav'n to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy Humble Dwelling,
 All thy Faithful Mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all Compassion,
 Pure unbounded Love thou art,
 Visit us with thy Salvation,
 Enter every trembling Heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit.
 Into every troubled Breast,
 Let us all in thee Inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd Rest.
 Take away the Power of Sinning
 Alpha and Omega be
 End of Faith, as its Beginning,
 Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy Life receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy Temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy Hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious Love.

Finish then thy New Creation,
 Pure unspotted may we be,
 Let us see thy great Salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee;

Chang'd from Glory into Glory,
 'Till in Heav'n we take our Place,
 'Till we cast our Crowns before thee,
 Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise.

H Y M N XL.

The Christian Soldier.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your Armour on,
 Strong in the Strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son;
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty Power,
 Who in the Strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than Conqueror.

Stand then in his great Might,
 With all his Strength endu'd,
 And take, to arm you for the Fight,
 The Panoply of God;
 That having all Things done,
 And all your Conflicts past,
 You may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

Jesus hath dy'd for you!
 What can his Love withstand?
 Believe, hold fast your Shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his Hand?
 Believe that Jesus reigns,
 All Power to him is giv'n;
 Believe, 'till freed from Nature's Chains,
 You're call'd from hence to Heav'n.

Your Rock can never shake :
 Hither, he saith, come up !
 The Helmet of Salvation take,
 The Confidence of Hope :
 Hope for his perfect Love,
 Hope for his promis'd Rest,
 Hope to sit down with Christ above,
 And share the Marriage Feast.

In Fellowship ; alone,
 To God with Faith draw near,
 Approach his Courts, besiege his Throne,
 With all the Pow'r of Prayer :
 Go to his Temple, go,
 Nor from his Altar move ;
 Let every House his Worship know,
 And every Heart his Love.

From strength to Strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
 Tread all the Pow'rs of Darkness down,
 And win the well-fought Day ;
 Still let the Spirit cry
 In all his Soldiers, " Come,"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high.
 And takes the Conqu'rors Home.

H Y M N XLI.

Panting after God.

THOU hidden Love of God whose Height
 Whose Depth unfathom'd no Manknows,
 I see from far thy beauteous Light,
 Inly I sigh for thy Repose.
 My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At Rest, till it find Rest in thee.

O

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That strives with thee my Heart to share ?
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every Motion there :
Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it has found Repose in thee.

O hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live !
My vile Affections crucify,
Nor let one darling Lust survive.
In all Things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

O Love ; thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted Care :
Chase this Self-will through all my Heart,
Through all its latent Mazes there,
Make me thy duteous Child that I
Ceaseless may, Abba, Father cry.

Each moment draw from Earth away
My Heart that lowly waits thy Call ;
Speak to my inmost Soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God thy All !
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taste thy Love be all my Choice.

H Y M N XLII.

Adoring Jesus.

O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praise our dear Saviour, our Master divine,

Him let as adore,
Who cover'd with Gore,
Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and poor.

He worthy is blest'd,
By Spirits at rest,
Who once in this Desert, his Godhead confess'd

The heavenly Spheres,
Who saw him in Tears,
Yea every strong Angel, his Person reveres.

The Prophets who told
His Sufferings of old,
Sing now sweet Thanksgivings, on Psalt'ries of
[Go'd.

The Fathers to whom
He shew'd he would come,
Now in his Pavilion, take up their long Home.

The Spirits of Men,
Who for him were slain,
From Abel the Righteous, share now in his
[Reign.

The Apostles who stood,
Resisting to Blood,
For Jesus's Gospel, rejoice in their God.

The Confessors too,
Them prostrating low,
Cast down their bright Mitres, and thankfully bow.

O church of the Lamb,
Here met do the same,
With Saints and with Angels, blest Jesus's Name.

My Soul bear a Part,
 For Ransom'd thou art,
 By Jesu's Blood-Shedding, his Burial and Smart.
 To him that was slain,
 The scorn'd Nazarene,
 Be Glory and Honour, let all say Amen.

H Y M N XLIII.

Longing for the Latter-Day Glory.

SAVIOUR of the World, attend,
 Harken to thy People's Moan :
 Art thou not the Sinners Friend ?
 Art thou not their Friend alone ?
 Then thine Ear incline ;
 While they for Redemption cry,
 Think upon that Word of thine,
 " Your Redemption draweth nigh.

Hear'st Thou not the many Pray'rs,
 Offer'd by thy Church, with Thee ?
 See'st Thou not the Thousand Tears,
 Pour'd before thy Majesty ?
 Mark'st Thou not the Groans ?
 Mind'st Thou not the Earnings great,
 Of thy Ransom'd little ones,
 Prostrate round thy Mercy-Seat ?

It is nothing, Lord, to Thee,
 That so many Years they've cry'd ?
 Must their Suit unanswer'd be,
 Shall their Pray'rs be still deny'd ?

For thy Mercies' Sake,
 Turn Thou the Captivity,
 Bring the banish'd Brethren back,
 Lord, unite them all in Thee.

Be the Captive Exile loos'd,
 Lord the Jubilee proclaim !
 All who Liberty refus'd,
 Let them call upon thy Name ;
 Whoso calls on Thee,
 Shall Deliv'rance gladly prove,
 Shall thy Spoil, dear Jesus, be,
 Monuments that Thou art Love.

Let thy Blood's so boundless Pow'r,
 Wide as the Creation reach ;
 Sweetly loud from Shore to Shore,
 Thy eternal Mercy preach ;
 Let the ransom'd Seed
 Hear, and to thy Temple flow,
 All for whom Thou deign'ft to bleed,
 Let them thy Salvation know.

Lift thy Ensign very high,
 Let thy bloody Cross be seen,
 Let thy scarlet Banners fly
 Glorious in the Sight of Men ;
 Sound the Angel loud,
 " Now begins the Jubilee !
 " Now Salvation comes from God !
 " All together it shall see !

· H Y M N · XLIV. ✓

Christ our Great High Priest.

A Good High-Priest is come,
 Supplying Aaron's Place,
 And taking up his Room,
 Dispensing Life and Grace :
 The Law by Aaron's Priesthood came,
 But Grace and Truth by Jesu's Name.

My Lord a Priest is made,
 As sware the mighty God,
 To Israel and his Seed,
 Ordain'd to offer Blood.
 For Sinners who his Mercy seek,
 A Priest, as was Melchisedec.

He once Temptations knew,
 Of every Sort and Kind,
 That he might Succour shew
 To ev'ry tempted Mind :
 In ev'ry Point the Lamb was try'd
 Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

He dies, but lives again,
 And by the Altar stands ;
 There shews how he was slain,
 And op'ning his pier'd Hands,
 He 'bides a Priest, and pleads our Cause,
 Transgressors of his righteous Laws.

I other Priests disclaim,
 And Laws and Offerings too :
 None but the bleeding Lamb
 The mighty Work can do :
 He shall have all the Praise, for He
 Alone, me lov'd, and dy'd for me.

H Y M N XLV.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

'TIS finish'd ! 'tis done !
 The Spirit is fled,
 The Pris'ner is gone,
 The Christian is dead !
 The Christian is living
 In Jesus his Love,
 And gladly receiving
 A Kingdom above.

All Honour and Praise
 Are Jesus's Due :
 Supported by Grace,
 He fought his Way thro' ;
 Triumphantly glorious,
 Thro' Jesus's Zeal,
 And more than victorious,
 O'er Sin, Death, and Hell.

Then let us record
 The conqu'ring Name,
 Our Captain and Lord
 With Shoutings proclaim :
 Who trust in his Passion,
 And follow our Head,
 To certain Salvation
 We all shall be led.

O Jesus ! lead on
 Thy Militant Care,
 And give us the Crown
 Of Righteousness there ;

Where dazzled with Glory
 The Seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore thee
 In Silence of Praise.

Come, Lord, and disp'ay
 Thy Sign in the Sky,
 And bear us away
 To Mansions on high ;
 The Kingdom be giv'n,
 The Purchase divine,
 And crown us in Heav'n
 Eternally thine.

H Y M N XLVI.

The Same.

HOSANNA to Jesus on high !
 Another is enter'd his Rest,
 Another is 'scaped to the Sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's Breast :
 The Soul of our Sister is gone
 To heighten the Triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's Throne,
 And clasp'd in the Arms of his Love.

How happy the Angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's Name !
 The Saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the Feast of the Lamb !
 No longer imprison'd in Clay,
 Who next from his Dungeon shall fly ?
 Who first shall be summon'd away ?
 My merciful God——Is it I ?

O Jesus ! if this be thy Will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy Council of Mercy reveal,
 And whisper the Call to my Heart;
 O give me a Signal to know
 If soon thou would'st have me to move,
 And leave the dull Body below,
 And fly to the Regions of Love.

H Y M N XLVII.

The Same.

THANKS be to God, whose faithful Love
 Hath call'd another to his Breast;
 Translated him to Joys above,
 To Mansions of eternal Rest.

By ministerial Sp'rits convey'd,
 Lodg'd in the Garner of the Sky,
 He rests ; in Abraham's Bosom laid,
 He lives with God, no more to die.

O that we all may thus break thro',
 The Crown with holy Violence seize,
 The starry Crown to Conquest due,
 The Crown of Life and Righteousness !

Will not the righteous Judge bestow
 The Prize on all who seek Him here ;
 And long, while sojourning below,
 To see their much-lov'd Lord appear ?

He will, (our Hearts cry out) he will
 These eager Wishes more than meet,
 These infinite Desires fulfil,
 And make our Happiness compleat.

O what a soul-o'erpow'ring Thought !
 'Tis Extasy too great to bear !
 We all at once shall be up-caught,
 And meet our Jesus in the Air.

H Y M N XLVIII.

The Same.

AH ! lovely Appearance of Death,
 No Sight upon Earth is so fair,
 Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
 Can with a dead Body compare.
 With solemn Delight I survey
 The Corps when the Spirit is fled,
 In Love with the beautiful Clay,
 And longing to lie in his Stead.

How blest is our Brother, bereft
 Of all that could burthen his Mind !
 How easy the Soul, that hath left
 This wearisome Body behind !
 Of Evil incapable thou,
 Whose Relicks with Envy I see ;
 No longer in Misery now,
 No longer a Sinner like me.

This Earth is affected no more
 With Sicknes, or shaken with Pain ;
 The War in the Members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again.

No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
 Shall redden this innocent Clay ;
 Extinct is the animal Flame,
 And Passion is vanish'd away .

This languishing Head is at Rest,
 Its Thinking and Aching are o'er ;
 This quiet immoveable Breast
 Is heav'd by Affliction no more :
 This Heart is no longer the Seat
 Of Trouble and torturing Pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

The Lids he so seldom could close,
 By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal Repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
 These Hollows from Water are free ;
 The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
 And Evil they never shall see.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a Prison I breathe,
 And still for Deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of Death :
 What now with my Tears I bedew,
 O might I this Moment become,
 My Spirit created anew,
 My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb !

H Y M N XLIX.

• The Same.

JESUS, come ! our dearest Jesus,
 Save us from the World beneath,
 From a Life of Pain release us,
 From a Life of daily Death :
 Listen to the ceaseless Moaning
 Of thy plaintive Turtle-Dove ;
 Answer, Lord, thy Spirit's Groaning,
 Take us to our Church above.

Many a Soul is lodg'd before us,
 In the Garner of the Grave :
 Jesus, come ! to Life restore us,
 Us from all our Trouble save ;
 Us, in infinite Compassion,
 To our happier Friends unite,
 Raise us to our highest Station,
 Rank us with thy Saints in Light.

Still we bear about thy Dying,
 In our feeble Bodies here,
 Languishing for thee, and crying
 Light of Life in us appear :
 Take us to thy kind Embraces,
 To thy heav'nly Banquet lead ;
 Wipe the Sorrow from our Faces.
 Set the Crown upon our Head.

H Y M N L.

CHRIST'S Nativity.

ALL Glory to God, and Peace upon Earth,
 Be publish'd abroad at Jesus's Birth;
 The forfeited Favour of Heaven we find
 Restor'd in the Saviour and Friend of Mankind.

Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,
 By Prophets foretold, by Angels ador'd;
 Our God's Incarnation with Angels proclaim,
 And publish Salvation in Jesus's Name.

Our newly-born King by Faith we have seen,
 And joyfully sing his Goodness to Men,
 That all Men may wonder at what we impart,
 And thankfully ponder his Love in their Heart.

What mov'd the Most High so greatly to stoop?
 He comes from the Sky, our Souls to lift up;
 That Sinners, forgiven, might happy return
 To God and to Heaven; their Maker is born.

Immanuel's Love let Sinners confess,
 Who comes from above to bring us his Peace:
 Let every Believer his Mercy adore,
 And praise him for ever, when Time is no more.

HYMN LI.

The same.

AWAY with our Fears!
 The Godhead appears
 In Christ reconcil'd,
 The Father of Mercies in Jesus the Child.

He comes from above
 In manifest Love,
 The Desire of our Eyes,
 The meek Lamb of God, in a Manger helies.

At Immanuel's Birth
 What a Triumph on Earth!
 Yet could it afford
 No better a Place for its Heavenly Lord!

The Ancient of Days,
 To redeem a lost Race,
 From his Glory comes down,
 Self-humbled, to carry us up to a Crown.

Made Flesh for our Sake,
 That we might partake
 The Nature Divine,
 And again in his Image his Holiness shine,

An heavenly Birth
 Experience on Earth,
 And rise to his Throne,
 And live with our Jesus eternally one.

Then let us believe.
And gladly receive
The Tidings they bring,
Who publish to Sinners their Saviour and King.

And while we are here,
Our King shall appear ;
His Spirit impart,
And form his full Image of Love in our Heart.

H Y M N LII.

The same.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy People free ;
From our Fears and Sins relieve us,
Let us find our rest in thee :
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the Earth thou art ;
Dear Desire of every Nation,
Joy of every longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King :
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring :
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our Hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient Merit,
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

H Y M N LIH.

The same.

LET Angels and Archangels sing
The wonderful Immanuel's Name ;
Adore with us our new-born King,
And still the joyful News proclaim ;
All Earth and Heaven be ever join'd
To praise the Saviour of Mankind.

The everlasting God comes down,
To sojourn with the Sons of Men ;
Without his Majesty or Crown,
The great Invisible is seen :
Of all his dazzling Glories shorn,
The everlasting God is born !

Angels, behold that Infant's Face.
With rapt'rous Awe the Godhead own ;
'Tis all your Heaven on him to gaze,
And cast your Crowns before his Throne.
Though now he on his Footstool lies,
Ye know he built both Earth and Skies.

By him into Existence brought,
Ye sung the all creating Word :
Ye heard him call our World from nought,
Again, in Honour of our Lord,
Ye Morning Stars, your Hymns employ,
And shout ye Sons of God, for Joy.

H Y M N LIV.

CHRIST's Incarnation.

ALL-wise, all-good, almighty Lord,
 Jesus, by highest Heaven ador'd,
 Ere Time its Course began ;
 How did thy glorious Mercy stoop
 To take the fallen Nature up,
 When thou thyself wert Man !

Th' eternal God from Heaven came down ;
 The King of Glory dropt his Crown,
 And veil'd his Majesty :
 Empty'd of all but Love he came ;
 Jesus, I call thee by the Name
 Thy Pity bore for me.

O holy Child, still let thy Birth
 Bring Peace to us poor Worms of Earth,
 And Praise to God on high !
 Come, thou who didst my Flesh assume,
 Now to the abject Sinner come,
 And in a Manger lie.

Didst thou not in thy Person join
 The Natures Human and Divine,
 That God and Men might be
 Henceforth inseparably one ?
 Hasten then, and make thy Nature known,
 Incarnated in me.

In my weak sinful Flesh appear,
 O God be manifested here,
 Peace, Rightousness and Joy;
 Thy Kingdom, Lord, set up within
 My waiting Heart, and all my Sin,
 The Devil's works destroy.

H Y M N LV.

Judgment.

LO he cometh ! countless Trumpets
 Blow before the bloody Sign,
 Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels,
 See the Crucified shine.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb !

Now his Merit, by the Harpers,
 Thro' th' eternal Deep resounds ;
 Now resplendent shine his Nail prints,
 Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds :
 They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him they
 Shall at his Appearing wail. [who pierc'd him

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,
 Heav'n and Earth, shall flee away ;
 All, who hate him, must, ashamed,
 Hear the Trump proclaim the Day.
 Come to Judgment, come to Judgment come to
 Stand before the Son of Man. [Judgment,

Saints, who love him, view his Glory,
 Shining in his bruised Face,
 His dear Person on the Rainbow,
 Now his People's Head shall raise.
 HappyMourners, happyMourners, happyMourners,
 Lo ! in Clouds, he comes, he comes.

Now Redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn Pomp appear ;
 All his People once despised,
 Now shall meet him in the Air,
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Now the Promis'd Kingdom's come.

View him smiling, now determin'd
 Ev'ry Evil to destroy ;
 All the Nations now shall sing him
 Songs of everlasting Joy,
 O come quickly ! O come quickly ! O come
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord come. [quickly !

H Y M N LVI.

Admiring CHRIST's Love.

YE Children of my God,
 Ye dear peculiar Race,
 Who're wash'd in Jesu's Blood,
 And sav'd through Faith by Grace :
 Attend and join to tell his Fame,
 Whom John the Baptist call'd the Lamb.

From all Eternity
 He lov'd the Sinner's Train,
 His Love him forc'd to die,
 Compell'd him to be slain
 For us, and in our Stead he stood,
 With all his Garments roll'd in Blood.

His Heart he set on us
 When we were Enemies ;
 And on th' accursed Cross,
 Amidst his Tears and Cries,
 He pray'd for us, who us'd him so,
 Father, they know not what they do !

He thought upon us when
 The Blood run from his Heart.
 In all his Grievs and Pain,
 In all his chiefeft Smart :
 Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave,
 And bare it that he might us save.

Still he remains the same,
 His Foes he loves, and cries,
 Believe ye in my Name,
 Lift up (ye Loft) your Eyes,
 Behold me, and you yet shall live ;
 I freely will Salvation give.

H Y M N LVII.

O Come let us join,
 In Music divine,
 The Saviour to laud,
 'Tis meet and fit,
 It is charming and perfectly sweet,
 The Saviour to praise, our Lord and our God;
 'Tis a Pleasure to sing
 Of a crucify'd King,
 With Courage and Flame,
 The Angels that love us,
 And Seraphs above us,
 Do always the same.
 Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
 All Heaven throughout,
 In sounding his Name.

Come all that are here,
 Your Thanksgiving rear,
 To Jesus your Chief ;
 'Tis good we shou'd,
 It is lovely and better than Food,
 It raises our Joy, and banishes Grief ;
 Then in him we'll rejoice,
 Up to him lift our Voice,
 And Spirit within,
 Who lov'd us so greatly,
 To wash us completely
 From guilt and from Sin.
 Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
 All Heaven throughout,
 A Jesus divine !

He's worthy they cry,
 The Lamb that did die :
 So warbles their Tongue,
 Let us do thus,
 It is comely his Praise to discuss,
 A Theme ever Proper by us to be sung ;
 'Tis our Duty and Gain,
 And it sha'n't be in vain,
 His Praise to repeat,
 Who Pardon dispenses,
 For all our Offences,
 Tho' ever so great,
 Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
 All Heaven throughout,
 A Saviour Complete !

All Glory to him,
 Who Souls does redeem,
 From Converse unfit ;
 Agree do we,
 It will ever becoming us be,
 Hosanna to Jesus with Joy to transmit,
 To God's dear belov'd Son,
 Be all Praise and Renown,
 Dominion and Might,
 Who Sinners embraces,
 And fills them with Graces,
 To do what is right.
 Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
 All Heaven throughout,
 The Morning-star bright.

Come sing him once more
 (We may not give o'er)

For Sinners who pleads,
 Beguil'd, defil'd,
 And to bring them to God reconcil'd,
 He still interceeds, and always succeeds,
 This dear Saviour of Men,
 Let us sing once again,
 Who purges his own,
 And makes them all glorious,
 And more than victorious,
 Then gives them a Crown.
 Hark ! hark ! now they shout,
 All Heaven throughout,
 The Lamb on the Throne.

To Father, and Son,
 And Dove, Three in One,
 Be Glory and Praise,
 By us, and those,
 Who in glorious celestial Repose,
 Do ceaseless their Songs of Thanksgiving raise,
 May the Three One be sung
 By each Cherubin-Tongue ;
 Let no Tongue be mute,
 Join Beings celestial,
 And Beings terrestrial,
 The Great and Minute,
 Join all in one Choir,
 The Dove, Son, and Sire,
 With Praise to Salute.

H Y M N LVIII.

Praise to Christ.

O FFSRING of David, David's Root ;
 Thou Jesse's Stem, and Jesse's Fruit ;

To Thee propitious, Thee our King,
The Tribute of our Hearts we bring.

While all thy Mercies we enjoy,
Hymns shall our grateful Lips employ ;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
We'd gladly wait, and love and sing.

Hasten the Time when we shall shine
With Angels, and Archangels join ;
With righteous Spirits gone before,
For ever thy sweet Name t' adore.

With them our ravish'd Souls wou'd rest,
And share with them thy Marraige Feast ;
Among their Number, in their Lays,
We'd pant to join, and thirst to praise.

And while our Souls are this deny'd,
Lest we should fall, or turn aside,
Jesus, our kind protection prove,
And love us with eternal Love.

H Y M N LIX.

M O R N I N G.

RISE, my Soul, adore thy Maker :
Angels Praise
Join thy Lays,
With them be Partaker.

Father, Lord of ev'ry Spirit,
 In thy Light
 Lead me right,
 'Thro' my Saviour's Merit.

Never cast me from thy Presence,
 'Till my Soul
 Shall be full
 Of thy blessed Essence.

O my Jesus, God Almighty
 Pray for me,
 'Till I see
 Thee in Salem's City.

Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
 Be my Guide,
 Lest my Pride
 Shut me out of Heaven.

Thou this Night was't my Protector ;
 With me stay
 All the Day,
 Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
 Of all Good,
 Life and Food,
 Reign ador'd for ever.

H Y M N LX.

E V E N I N G.

ERE I sleep for ev'ry Favour,
 This Day shew'd
 By my God,
 I will bless my Saviour.

O my Lord what shall I render
 To thy Name,
 Still the same,
 Gracious, good and tender?

Leave me not, but ever love me;
 Let thy Peace
 Be my Bliss,
 Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy Salvation;
 Let thy Care
 Now be near,
 Round my Habitation.

Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
 Safely keep,
 While I sleep,
 Me with all thy Power.

So, whene'er in death I slumber,
 Let me rise
 With the Wise,
 Counted in their Number.

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H Y M N LXI.

Behold the Man !

YE serious Souls, draw near,
My Song of Jesus hear ;
Roll'd in Blood his Garments shine,
See him gloriously divine ;
On his Hands your Names appear,
Come with me, his Kingdom share.

Rivers of Pleasures flow
From him for you to know ;
You, who for your Saviour mourn ;
You, by Blood and Water born ;
You, who glad the Word receive ;
You, who taught of God believe.

Th' exalted Saviour see,
He liv'd and dy'd for thee ;
For you he came down from God,
Empty'd all his Veins of Blood ;
This, the Lamb for Sinners slain,
Guilty Souls, *Behold the Man !*

Come near ye weary, come,
His Arms shall make you Room ;
He, the Fruit of Jesse's Stem,
Opens you the living Stream ;
Jesus, born of David's Line,
You unto himself shall join.

Your Folly he shall hide,
And bury in his Side ;
O come near, his Mercies taste,
Let your Sins on him cast ;

Bold approach, for he shall bear
All your Burden, all your Care.

All ye whom Troubles tire,
Who'd rest from Sin's Desire,
Jesus bids you to the Feast,
There is your eternal Rest.
Come with me, and ye shall prove
His an everlasting Love.

H Y M N LXII.

Glorying in the Cross.

WHEN Saints survey the wond'rous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
Their richest Gain they count but Loss
And pour contempt on all their Pride.

Forbid it then that we should boast,
Save in the Death of Christ, O God :
All the vain Things that charm us most,
We'd sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands and Feet
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

H Y M N LXIII.

After Sermon.

O Jesu our Lord,
Thy Name be ador'd,
For all the rich Blessings convey'd thro' thy Word.

In Spirit we trace,
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of Praise.

The ancient of Days
His Glory displays,
And shines on his Chosen with cherishing Rays,

The Trumpet of God,
Is sounding abroad,
The language of Mercy, Salvation thro' Blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey
And share in the Blessings of this Gospel-Day,

The People who know
The Saviour below,
With burning Affection to worship him glow.

This Blessing be mine,
Through Favour divine
But, O my Redeemer, the Glory be thine.

H Y M N LXIV.

JESU, shew us thy Salvation,
 (In thy Strength we strive with thee)
 By thy mystic Incarnation,
 By thy pure Nativity :
 Save us thou our new Creator,
 Into all our Souls impart
 Thy divine and holy Nature,
 Form thyself within our Heart.

By thy First Blood-shedding heal us ;
 Cut us off from ev'ry Sin :
 By thy Circumcision seal us,
 Write thy Law of Love within.
 By thy Spirit circumcise us,
 Kindle in our Hearts a Flame :
 By thy Baptism baptise us
 Into all thy glorious Name.

By thy Fasting and Temptation
 Mortify our vain Desires,
 Take away what Sense or Passion,
 Appetite or Flesh requires :
 Arm us with thy Self-denial,
 Every tempted Soul defend ;
 Save us in the fiery Trial :
 Make us faithful to the End.

By thy great and bitter Passion,
 By thy Sufferings on the Tree,
 Save us from the Indignation
 Due to all Mankind and me :
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
 Gasping out thy latest Breath,
 By thy precious Death's applying
 Save us from eternal Death.

By the Pomp of thine ascending,
 Live we here to Heav'n restor'd ;
 Live in Pleasures never ending,
 Share the Portion of our Lord :
 Let us have our Conversation
 With the blessed Sp'rits above ;
 Sav'd with all thy great Salvation,
 Perfectly renew'd in Love.

H Y M N LXV.

For his Majesty King GEORGE, and
 Royal Family.

LORD, thou hast bid thy People pray
 For all that bear the Sov'reign Sway,
 And thy Vicegerents reign ;
 Rulers, and Governors, and Powers :
 And lo ! in Faith we pray for ours ;
 Nor can we pray in vain.

Jesus, thy chosen Servant guard,
 And every threat'ning Danger ward
 From his anointed Head ;
 Bid all his Griefs and Troubles cease,
 And thro' the Paths of heavenly Peace
 To Life eternal lead.

Cover his Enemies with Shame,
 Defeat their dire malicious Aim,
 Their baffled Hopes destroy ;
 But shower on him thy Blessings down ;
 Crown him with Grace, with Glory crown,
 And everlasting Joy.

To hoary Hairs be thou his God,
Late may he seek that high Abode,
Late to his Heav'n remove ;
Of Virtues full, and Happy Days,
Accounted worthy by thy Grace,
To fill a Throne above.

And when thou dost his Sp'rit receive,
O give us in his Offspring, give
Us back our King again ;
Preserve them, Providence divine,
And let the long-illustrious Line
To latest Ages Reign.

Secure us of his royal Race.
A Man to stand before thy Face,
And exercise thy Pow'r ;
With Wealth, Prosperity, and Peace,
Our Nation and our Church to bless,
Till Time shall be no more.

The 6th. ed. ends here. (Brick M.)

H Y M N LXVI.

CHRIST'S second Coming.

HE comes, he comes, the Judge severe,
The seventh Trumpet speaks him near;
The Light'nings flash, the Thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful Soul,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
welcome to the faithful Soul.

From Heav'n, angelic Voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd,
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
And Glory decks the Saviour's Face,
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks the
Saviour's Face.

B

*In the 8th ed. 1789, between no 445: and the
Index to Supp: this hymn is given with
pagination.*

Descending on his Azure Throne,
He claims the Kingdoms for his own;
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord,
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him
their triumphant Lord.

Shout all the People of the Sky,
And all the Saints of the Most High;
Our God, who now his Right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever reigns.

The Father bless, the Son adore,
The Spirit praise for evermore:
Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome, Thee Great Three in One.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome
Thee Great three in One..

H Y M N LXVII.

The BACKSLIDER.

JESU, let thy pitying Eye
Call back a wand'ring Sheep;
False to thee, like PETER, I
Would fain like PETER weep.
Let me be by Grace restor'd,
On me, all Long-suffering shewn;
Turn, and look upon me LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

SAVIOUR, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying Love,
The humble contrite Heart;

*Often the L. dea which comes in
here. There is a book with separate
pages on 1610. Hymns for the
Fast Day 1759. See hi all.*

*D. After that Fast Day Hymns there
I found this hymn and the words
as they stand here: but distinct
in singing & tone*

Give me, what I've long implor'd,
 A Portion of thy Grief unknown.
 Turn, and look upon me LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

See me, SAVIOUR from above,
 Nor suffer me to die.
 Life, and Happiness, and Love
 Drop from thy gracious Eye ;
 Speak the reconciling Word,
 And let thy Mercy melt me down ;
 Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

Look, as when thy Grace beheld
 The Harlot in Distress,
 Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon seal'd,
 And bade her go in Peace :
 Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,
 I at thy Feet for Mercy groan :
 Turn, and look upon me LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

Look, as when condemn'd for them,
 Thou didst thy Followers see,
 " Daughters of Jerusalem,
 " Weep for Yourselves, not Me."

Am I by my God deplor'd,
 And shall I not myself bemoan?
 Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
 Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my Heart of Stone,
 And break my Heart of Stone.

Look as when thy pitious Eye
 Was clos'd that we might live,
 "Father (at the point to die)
 My Saviour gasp'd, "Forgive."
 Surely with that dying Word
 He turns, and looks and cried, "Tis done!"
 O my Bleeding, loving LORD,
 O my bleeding, loving LORD,
 This breaks my Heart of Stone,
 This breaks my Heart of Stone.

H Y M N LXVIII.

An H Y M N to the T R I N I T Y.

COME, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise!

FATHER All-glorious,
 O'er all victorious!

Come, and reign over us
 ANTIEN OF DAYS,

JESUS our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,

And make them fall!

Let thine Almighty Aid

Our sure Defence be made

Our Souls on thee be stay'd;

Lord hear our Call!

Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty Sword—

Our Pray'r attend !

Come ! and thy People bless,
And give thy Word Success,
SPIRIT of Holiness,
On us descend !

Come, Holy COMFORTER,
Thy sacred Witness bear,
In this glad Hour !

Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
SPIRIT OF POWER !

To the Great ONE in THREE
Eternal Praises be

Hence — Evermore !

His Sov'reign Majesty
May we in Glory see,
And to Eternity
Love and Adore !

*The 9th ed: 1760 is a reprint of the
5th and 8th (all the same) with the
hymns, "Jesus, let thy re" and "Come thou
Almighty King" after the Index as before
and again without pagination. This
fact thus repeated seems to imply
that these two hymns were added
as a leaflet - about 1779/59.*

H Y M N LXIX.

Leaning on the Beloved.

JESU, Lover of the Soul,
 Let us to thy Bosom fly ;
 While the swelling Waters roll,
 While the Tempest still is high ;
 Hide us, Oh ! our Saviour hide,
 Till the Storm of Life is past,
 Safe into the Haven guide,
 Oh, receive our Souls at last.

Other Refuge have we none
 Lean my helpless Soul on Thee
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone
 Still support and comfort me :
 All our Trust on thee be stay'd
 All our help from thee we bring
 Cover each defenceless Head
 With the Shadow of thy Wing,
 Thou, O Christ, art all we want,
 More than all in thee we find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind ;
 Just and holy is thy Name
 We are all Unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of Sin and Shame,
 But Thou'rt full of Truth and Grace ;
 Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all our Sin,
 Let the healing Streams abound
 Make and keep us pure within.

R

Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let us take of Thee;
 Spring thou up within each Heart,
 Now and to Eternity.

H Y M N LXX.

Desiring to praise worthily.

COME thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing!
 Tune our Hearts to sing thy Grace!
 Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
 Call for Songs of loudest Praise!
 Teach us some melodious Sonnet,
 Sung by flaming Tongues above;
 Praise the Mount—Oh fix us on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging Love!

Here we raise our *Eben-Ezer*,
 Hither by thine Help we'd come;
 Trusting Lord, by thy good Pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at Home:
 Jesus sought us, all when Strangers,
 Wand'ring from the Fold of God,
 He, to rescue us from Dangers,
 Interpos'd his precious Blood.

O! to Grace, what mighty Debtors,
 Daily, hourly, Lord, are we,
 Let that Grace, like strongest Fetters,
 Bind our wand'ring Hearts to Thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, we feel them,
 Prone to leave the God of Love—
 Here's our Hearts—O take, and seal them!
 Seal them from thy Courts above!

H Y M N LXXI.

Adoring free and sovereign Mercy

O Lord, how great's the Favour !
That we, such Sinners poor,
Can through thy Blood's sweet Savour,
Approach thy Mercy's Door ;
And find an open Passage
Unto the Throne of Grace,
There wait the welcome Message
That bids us go in Peace.

Lord, we are helpless Creatures,
Full of the deepest Need,
Throughout defil'd by Nature,
Stupid and inly dead ;
Our Strength is perfect Weakness,
And all we have is Sin ;
Our Hearts are all Uncleanneſs
A Den of Thieves within.

In this forlorn Condition,
Who ſhall afford us Aid !
Where ſhall we find Compaſſion,
But in the Church's Head !
Jeſus thou art all Pity,
Oh take us to thine Arms,
And exerciſe thy Mercy
To ſave us from all Harms.

We'll never ceaſe repeating
Our numberleſs Complaints,
But ever be entreating
The Glorious King of Saints.

Till we attain the Image
Of pure and Gospel Love,
And pay our grateful Homage
With all the Saints above.

Then we with all in Glory,
Shall thankfully relate ;
Th' amazing pleasing Story
Of Jesu's Love so great ;
In this blest Contemplation
May we for ever dwell ;
And share such Consolation,
As none below can tell.

H Y M N LXXII.

The same.

OUR most indulgent Saviour
Teach us thy Love to find,
To triumph in thy Favour
And know thy Spirit's Mind.
This Grace to us be given,
This be our one Request,
To want no other Heaven,
Than leaning on thy Breast.

The Place of John we'd covet,
More than a Seraph's Throne,
To rest in our Beloved,
And breathe our final Groan.
On thee alone relying
To lose our Sin and Pain ;
And on thy Bosom dying,
Our Life eternal Gain.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Gratitude.

WHAT shall we render unto thee,
 Thou glorious Lord of Life and Pow'r?
 Teach us to bow the humble Knee,
 Teach us with Thankfulness t'adore,
 To praise thee as thy Saints above,
 To praise thee for thy wondrous Love.

When like lost Sheep we wander'd wide,
 And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye;
 When borne along th' impetuous Tide
 Of this World's Sin and Vanity:
 Then Jesus from the Heav'n's came down
 To save us by his Grace alone.

He bore our Sins upon the Tree,
 To seek and save the lost he came,
 There was he bound to set us free,
 From Death and everlasting Shame;
 The Captive flock from Hell was freed
 And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's awful Throne,
 Our merciful High-Priest yet stands,
 And interceding for his own,
 The purchas'd Remnant now demands
 His peoples everlasting Friend
 Who loving—loves them to the End!

May we his banish'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own;
To take him as our only Choice
And cleave to him in Love alone;
Still growing up in Holiness
Till call'd to meet, in Realms of Peace.

Then shall our Grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away;
No Sin, no Sorrow shall be found
No Night o'ercloud the endless Day,
O praise him ! All beneath, above !
O praise him ! praise the God of Love !

H Y M N LXXIV.

Before Sermon.

NOW begin the Heav'nly Theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's Name,
Ye who Jesu's Kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming Love.

Ye who see the Father's Grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's Face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming Love.

Mourning Souls dry up your Tears,
Banish all your guilty Fears,
See your Guilt and Curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming Love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,
Now from Bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste redeeming Love.

Welcome all by Sin oppress,
Welcome, to his sacred Rest,
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming Love.

He subdu'd th' Infernal Pow'rs,
His tremendous Foes and ours,
From their cursed Empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming Love.

Hither then your Music bring,
Strike aloud each chearful String,
Mortals join the Hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming Love..

H Y M N LXXV.

Panting after Jesus.

THOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,
The Joy of the upright in Heart,
For closer Communion they pine,
Still, Still to reside where thou art;
The Pasture, Oh! when shall we find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed on thy Bosom reclin'd,
Are skreen'd from the Heat of the Day.

Ah shew us that happiest Place,
That Place of thy People's Abode,
Where Saints in an Extasy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God :
Thy Love for lost Sinners declare,
Thy Passion and Death on the Tree
Our Spirits to Calvary bear
To suffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there with the Lambs of thy Flock,
 There only we'd covet to rest,
 To lie at the Foot of the Rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy Breast;
 'Tis there we wou'd always abide,
 And never a Moment depart,
 Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,
 Eternally held in thy Heart.

H Y M N LXXVI.

For Good Friday.

WHO hath our Report believed?
 Shiloh come is not received
 Not received by his own,
 Promis'd Branch from Root of Jesse
 David's Offspring sent to bless ye,
 Comes too meekly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd Nation,
 What is thy fond Expectation?
 Some fair, spreading lofty Tree?
 Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
 'Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
 Mark the Lowest—that is He.

Like a tender Plant that's growing,
 Where no Waters, friendly flowing,
 No kind Rains refresh the Ground:
 Drooping dying, we shall view Him,
 See no Charm to draw us to Him,
 There no Beauty will be found.

Lo ! Messiah unrespected !
 Man of Grievs, despis'd Rejected !
 Wounds his Form disfiguring,
 Marr'd his Visage more than any
 For He bears the Sins of Many,
 All our Sorrows carrying.

No Deceit his Mouth hath spoken,
 Blameless He no Law hath broken,
 Yet was number'd with the Worst :
 For, because the Lord would bruise Him,
 We, who saw it, did believe Him,
 For his own Offences curst.

But while Him our Thoughts accused,
 He for Us alone was bruised,
 Stricken, smitten for Our Guilt :
 With His Stripes, Our Wounds are cured,
 By His Pains, Our Peace assured,
 Purchas'd with the Blood He spilt.

Love amazing ! so to mind us,
 Shepherd come from Heaven to find us,
 Silly Sheep all gone astray,
 Lost, Undone by our Transgressions,
 Worse than stript of all Possessions,
 Debtors without Hope to pay.

Fear our Portion, Slaves in Spirit, —
 He redeem'd Us by His Merit
 To a Glorious Liberty :
 Dearly first his Goodness bought us,
 Truth and Love then sweetly taught us,
 Truth and Love hath made us free.

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his Son to save us,
 Bless'd the Son who freely came :
 Honour, Blessing Adoration,
 Ever, from the whole Creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Infinitely condescending Love.

LOVE brought down God's dear only Son
 Into a Virgin's Womb
 Love nail'd him to th' accursed Tree
 And laid him in a Tomb.

Through ev'ry Action, suff'ring too,
 The Law of Kindness reign'd,
 Love op'd those gashly Wounds thro' which
 His precious Life was drain'd.

Love took him to his Father's Throne,
 There to prepare Saints Room,
 And Love will bring him down again,
 To fetch them to his Home.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

SON of God ! thy blessing grant,
 Still supply our ev'ry Want,
 Tree of Life thine Influence shed,
 With thy Sap our Spirits feed !

Tend'rest Branch, alas! am I,
Wither without Thee, and die :
Weak as helpless Infancy—
O confirm our Souls in Thee !

Unsustain'd by Thee we fall !
Send the Strength for which we call !
Weaker than a bruised Reed,
Help we ev'ry Moment need.

All our Hope on Thee depend,
Love us ! save us to the End !
Give us the continuing Grace——
Take the everlasting Praise !

Dismission.

SALVATION ! O the joyful Sound ?
'Tis Pleasure to our Ears !
A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears !

Salvation ! let the Eccho fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

The same.

Christ the Believer's Refuge.

IN ev'ry Trouble sharp and strong,
True faith to Jesus flies,
Its Anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling Billows rise.

His Comforts bears our Spirits up
 We'd trust a faithful God
 The sure Foundation of our Hope,
 Is in a Saviour's Blood.

Loud Hallelujahs sing each Soul
 To thy Redeemer's Name,
 In Joy, in Sorrow, Life and Death,
 His Love is still the same.

The same.

IF Jesus is yours
 You have a true Friend,
 His Goodness endures
 The same to the End.
 Your Tempers may vary,
 Your Comforts decline,
 You cannot miscarry,
 Your aid is Divine.

F I N I S.

SUPPLEMENT.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

2 Kings x. 15.

Before Sacrament.

COME, let us ascend,
My Companion and Friend
To a Taste of the Banquet above :
If thine Heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the Chariot of Love

Who in Jesus confide,
They are bold to outride,
The Storms of Affliction beneath ;
With the Prophet they soar
To that heavenly Shore,
And outfly all the Arrows of Death.

By Faith we are come
To our permanent Home,
By Hope we the Rapture improve :
By Love we still rise,
And look down on the Skies,
For the Heaven of Heavens is Love !

Who on Earth can conceive,
How happy we live,
In the City of God the great King !
What a Concert of Praise,
When our Jesus's Grace,
The whole heavenly Company sing !

What a rapturous Song,
When the glorify'd Throng
In the Spirit of Harmony join
Join all the glad Choirs,
Hearts, Voices, and Lyres,
And the Burden is Mercy divine !

Hallelujah they cry,
To the King of the Sky,
To the great everlasting I AM !
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

H Y M N LXXIX.

The Same.

FAITHFUL Bridegroom, holy Lamb !
By thy Church beloved,
Manifest thy sweetest Name
To each Heart approved.

Crown this Ordinance of thine
With a solemn Blessing ;
Let our Feast be all divine,
Each thyself possessing !

Let thy Flesh afford us food,
Ev'ry Grace to strengthen ;
Let our Drink be Jesu's Blood,
Nature's Pow'r to weaken.

Cause that bleeding Sacrifice
Once for Sinners given,
To appear before our Eyes,
Earnest of our Heaven !

We partake the Bread and Wine,
 Seals of our Profession :
 Of the inward Grace the Sign,
 Symbols of thy Passion.

We commemorate thy Death,
 While we are receiving,
 Feeding in our Hearts by Faith,
 With unfeign'd Thanksgiving.

May we thus our Time employ,
 While below we tarry ;
 'Till our Souls t'nfading Joy,
 Angels come to carry.

H Y M N LXXX.

After the Sacrament.

LORD, accept our feeble Praise
 For the Banquet given ;
 Tho' unworthy, we would raise
 Hearts and Hands to Heaven.

Of the Streams of Grace Divine
 We have now been tasting ;
 On the Bread, and mystic Wine,
 With rich Comfort feasting.

Meat indeed thy Flesh we find,
 Drink thy Blood so precious :
 Jesus, Saviour, thou art kind,
 Merciful and gracious !

On our guilty Souls thy Rod
 Falls with gentle Chidings ;
 And thou heatest with thy Blood,
 All our great Backslidings.

May we to thy bleeding Cross,
Soul and Body fasten ;
All for Jesus count but Loss,
To his coming hasten !

Take our Hearts so often blest,
Yet so oft rebelling :
Let them on thy Bosom rest,
In thy Wounds still dwelling !

Now, O Lord, that we have fed
On thy Body broken,
Bruise within the *Serpent's Head*,
Of thy Love the Token.

None from Trials are below
Totally exempted,
All-sufficient Grace bestow,
Succour, Lord, the tempted !

Guard us from the Tempter's Wiles,
From the Sin of Judas :
From the World's deceitful Smiles,
'Till to Heav'n thou lead us.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Ascribing all Glory to God for every
Mercy.

GLORY to our gracious Donor,
For his Mercies ever new !
His alone be all the Honour !
Nothing we confess our Due ;
O the ceaseless Mercies flowing
From thy Grace's boundless Store !—
May our thankful Hearts be glowing
With thy Love, still more and more !

Thy kind Hand hath oft' afforded
 To our Wants a rich Supply ;
 We are ev'ry Day supported
 By thy providential Eye.
 May we, Lord, as some Requital,
 Thankful Hearts to Jesus raise,
 In his wond'rous Love's recital ;
 Consecrate to him our Days !

Thou, an Hunger hast created
 In our Hearts for living Bread ;
 May it never be abated,
 'Till our precious Souls are fed !
 Open Lord the Ark, where hidden
 Jesus our true Manna lies ;
 Are not hungry Spirits bidden
 To that Feast of Paradise ?

O thou Friend of Sinners, pity
 Thirsty Travellers, who go
 To an unseen distant City,
 Thro' a parched Vale below !
 O supply each fainting Spirit,
 With the Streams of purest Love:
 'Till our Canaan we inherit,
 In thy Fullness lost above !

H Y M N LXXXII.

For Easter Day.

HE dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !
 Lo Salem's Daughters weep around !
 A solemn Darkness veils the Skies !
 A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground !

Come Saints, and drop a Tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your Load!
He shed a thousand Drops for you!
A thousand Drops of richer Blood!

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for Men!
But lo! what sudden Joys we see!
Jesus the Dead revives again!
The rising GOD forsakes the Tomb!
The Tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic Legions guard him Home,
And shout him welcome to the Skies!

Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
And led the Monster Death in Chains:
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the Monster—"Where's thy Sting?
"And where's thy Victory boasting Grave?"

H Y M N LXXXIII.

The Efficacy of the precious Blood of
Jesus.

IS there a Thing that moves and breaks,
A Heart as hard as Stone,
Or warms a Heart as cold as Ice?
'Tis Jesu's Blood alone:

One Drop of this can truly cheer,
And heal the wounded Soul;
What Multitudes of broken Hearts
This living Stream makes whole!

Hark! O my Soul! what sing the Choirs
Around the glorious Throne?
Hark! the *slain Lamb* for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest Tone:
The Elders there cast down their Crowns,
And all, both Night and Day,
Sing Praise to him who shed his Blood,
And wash'd their Guilt away.

And this while here, will we proclaim,
Chearful in our Degree,
That thro' the Blood of God's dear Lamb,
Sinners may pardon'd be:
But thou, O Lord! make ev'ry Day,
Thy Grace to us more sweet,
'Till we behold thy wounded Side,
And worship at thy Feet.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

The Year of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow.
The gladly solemn Sound;
Let all the Nations know,
To Earth's remotest Bound,
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd Sinners, Home!

The Gospel Trumpet hear,
The News of heav'nly Grace;
Ye happy Souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's Face;
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal Home !

Jesus our great High Priest
Hath full Atonement made ;
Ye weary Spirits rest,
Ye mourning Souls be glad.
The Year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home !

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his Blood
Throughout the World proclaim.
The Year of Jubilee is come ;
Return to your eternal Home !

H Y M N LXXXV.

“They shall look on me whom they have
“pierced, and Mourn.—Zach. xii. 10.

LADEN with Guilt, Sinners arise,
And view your bleeding Sacrifice ;
Each purple Drop proclaims there's Room,
And bids the Poor and Needy come !

Beneath your Crimes the Victim stood :
Sign'd you Acquittances in Blood ;
Hereby stern Justice is pleas'd ;
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd !

Mercy, Truth, Peace, and Righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's Face ;
Here look, 'till Love dissolve your Heart,
And bid your slavish Fears depart.

Oh ! quit the World's delusive Charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's Arms ;
Wrestle until your God is known,
'Till you can call the Lord your own.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

P S A L M C.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy,
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create, and he destroy !

His Sov'reign Power, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men ;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again !

We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise ;
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

Wide as the World is thy Command ;
Vast as Eternity thy Love !
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move !

H Y M N LXXXVII.

Isaiah lv. 1. &c.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
 ('Tis God invites the fallen Race)
 Mercy, and free Salvation buy,
 Buy Wine; and Milk, and Gospel Grace.

Come to the Living Waters, come,
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call,
 Return, ye weary Wand'ers Home,
 And find my Grace reach'd out to all.

See, from the Rock a Fountain rise,
 For you in healing Streams it rolls,
 Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
 Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick Souls!

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give,
 Leave all you have, and are, behind,
 Frankly the Gift of God receive,
 Pardon and Peace in Jesus find.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

THERE is a Land of pure Delight,
 Where Saints immortal reign;
 Innite Day excludes the Night
 And Pleasures banish Pain.

There everlasting Springs abides,
 And never with'ring Flow'rs;

Death like a narrow Sea, divides
This Heav'nly Land from ours.

Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood,
Stand Dress'd in living Green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous Mortals start and shrink,
To Cross this narrow Sea
And linger, shiv'ring on the Brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our Doubts remove,
Those gloomy Doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded Eyes.

Could we but Climb where Moses stood,
And view the Landskip o'er
Not Jordan's Stream, nor Death's cold Flood,
Should fright us from the Shore.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

The Supposed Song of a Soul just entered Heaven.

WHY was unbelieving I,
Trembling so afraid to Die?
Now my Feet in safety stand,
Here within the promis'd Land.
Hallelujah.

O what wond'rous Grace is here!
Now I'm safe from ev'ry Fear,

Sin and Doubts are ever gone,
Sighing shall no more be known.
Hallelujah.

Henceforth neither Grief nor Pain,
Here successive Pleasures reign;
All Things our Hosannahs raise
O the Glories of this Place !
Hallelujah.

O ye perfect happy Ones,
Let me try to join your Tunes !
Come let us exalt the Lamb,
Singing ever to his Name.
Hallelujah.

He our full Redemption wrought,
He for us this Glory bought,
From the Earth, he calls us Home,
To our Father's House we're come.
Hallelujah.

Oft in Kedar's tents I try'd,
When my God his Face did hide,
With my Friends to raise this Song
But it languish'd on my Tongue.
Hallelujah.

Jesus now unveils his Face ;
Here I shout of Sov'reign Grace,
Fill'd with Love incessant cry
To his Praise in Raptures high.
Hallelujah.

O my drooping Friends below,
Did you half this Glory know,

Daily would ye Stretch the Wing,
Here to fly and thus to Sing.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N X C.

CHRIST All in All.

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest Price
My Heart doth Sing for Joy:
And Sing I must. A Christ I have,
Oh what a Christ have I!

My Christ, he is the Lord of Lords,
He is the King of Kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his Wings.

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,
My Physick and my Health;
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
My Glory and my Wealth.

Christ is my Father, and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

My Christ he is the Heaven of Heaven,
My Christ what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last
My Christ is All in All.

All Glory, to the God of Love,
One God in Persons Three;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal Glory be.

H Y M N XCI.

The Same.

MY God, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art All in All.

Thy shining Grace can cheer,
This Dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis Hell.

The Smilings of thy Face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis Heaven to rest in thine Embrace,
And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee Alone,
The Angels owe their Bliss ;
They sit around thy Grac'ous Throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the Harps above
Can make a Heav'nly place,
If God his Residence remove,
Or but conceal his Face :

Nor Earth, nor all the Sky,
Can one Delight afford ;
No, not a Drop of real Joy,
Without thy Presence, Lord.

Thou art the Sea of Love
Where all my Pleasures roll,

The Circle where my Passions move,
And Centre of my Soul.

To thee my Spirits fly
With infinite Desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie ;
Dear Jesus raise me nigher.

H Y M N XCII.

CHRIST Precious to a Believer.

JESUS, I love thy charming Name,
'Tis Music to my Ear ;
Fain would I found it out so loud,
That Earth and Heav'n might hear.

Yes, thou art Precious to my Soul,
My Transport, and my Trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy Toys,
And Gold is sordid Dust.

All my capacious Pow'r can wish
In thee most richly Meet ;
Nor to my Eyes is Life so dear,
Nor Friendship half so sweet.

O may thy Grace still chear my Heart ;
And shed its Fragrance there !
The noblest Balm of all its Wounds,
The Cordial of its Care.

I'll speak the Honours of thy Name
With my last lab'ring Breath ;
When Speechless, clasp thee in my Arms,
My Joy in Life and Death !

H Y M N XCIII.

CHRIST our Righteousness.

JESU, thy Blood and Righteousness,
My Beauty are, my Glorious Dress,
Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd,
With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

When from the Dust of Death I rise,
To claim my Mansion in the Skies :
E'en then shall this be all my Plea,
" Jesus hath Liv'd, hath Dy'd for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
For who ought to my Charge shall lay ?
Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
Saviour of Sinners thee Proclaim :
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

This spotless Robe the same appears,
When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years ;
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of Christ is ever new.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid the Banish'd ones Rejoice,
Their Beauty this, their Glorious Dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

H Y M N XCIV.

A Divine Rapture.

FROM thee, my God, my Joys shall rise,
And run eternal Rounds,
Beyond the Limits of the Skies,
And all created Bounds.

The holy Triumph of my Soul
Shall Death itself out brave,
Leave dull Mortality behind,
And fly beyond the Grave.

There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In Heav'n's unmeasur'd Space
I'll spend a long Eternity,
In Pleasure and in Praise.

Millions of Years my wond'ring Eyes
Shall o'er thy Beauties rove,
And endless Ages I'll adore
The Glories of thy Love.

Sweet Jesus, ev'ry Smile of thine
Shall fresh Endearments bring,
And Thousand Tastes of new Delight,
From all thy Graces spring.

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my Soul
Up to thy bless'd Abode ;
Fly, for my Spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.

H Y M N XCV.

God our only Happiness.

MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All ;
I've none but thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this Earthly Ball.

What empty Things are all the Skies,
And this inferior Clod !
There's nothing here deserves my Joys,
There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning Sun,
Scatters his feeble Light ;
'Tis thy sweet Beams create my Noon,
If thou withdraw 'tis Night.

And whilst upon my restless Bed,
Amidst the Shades I roll ;
If my Redeemer shews his Head,
'Tis Morning with my Soul.

To thee we owe our Wealth and Friends,
And Health, and safe Abode ;
We praise thy Name for all these Things,
But they are not my God.

How vain a Toy is glitt'ring Wealth,
If once compar'd to thee !
And what's my Safety, or my Health,
Or all my Friends to me ?

Were I Possessor of the Earth,
And call'd the Stars my own ;

Without my Jesus, and thyself,
I were a Wretch undone.

Let others stretch their Arms like Seas,
And grasp in all the Shore ;
Grant me the Visits of thy Face,
And I desire no more.

H Y M N XCVI.

A Sinner's Prayer.

GOD of my Salvation, hear,
And help me to believe :
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy Blessings to receive :
Full of Guilt, alas, I am,
But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee ;
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine Eye,
Balm of all my Grief and Pain,
Thy Blood is always nigh :
Now, as Yesterday the same
Thou art and will for ever be,
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy Grace procure,
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor :
Dust and Ashes is my Name,
My All is Sin and Misery :
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Without Money, without Price,
 I come thy Love to buy ;
 From myself I turn my Eyes,
 The chief of Sinners I.

Take, O take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in thee,
 Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

H Y M N XCVII.

Setting at Jesu's Feet.

SWEET the Moments, rich in Blessing,
 Which before the Cross I spend ;
 Life, and Health, and Peace possessing,
 From the Sinner's dying Friend.
 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's Streams in Streams of Blood ;
 Precious Drops my Soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my Peace with God.

Truly blessed is this Station,
 Low before his Cross to lye :
 While I see divine Compassion
 Floating in his languid Eye.
 Here it is I find my Heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much, I've much forgiven,
 I'm a Miracle of Grace.

Love and Grief my Heart dividing,
 With my Tears his Feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in Faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his Death.

May I still enjoy this Feeling,
 In all Need to Jesus go !
 Prove his Wounds each Day more healing
 And himself more deeply know.

H Y M N XCVIII.

Communion with Jesus.

COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
 Fan each Spark into a Flame :
 Blessings let us now inherit,
 Blessings that we cannot name :
 Whilst Hosannas we are singing,
 May our Hearts in Rapture move ;
 Feel new Grace in them still springing,
 Breathe the Air of purest Love.

Let us sail in Grace's Ocean,
 Float on that unbounded Sea,
 Guided into pure Devotion,
 Kept from Paths of Error free :
 On thy heav'nly Manna feeding,
 Screen'd from ev'ry envious Foe :
 Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding,
 All for thee we would forego.

Keep us, Lord, still in Communion
 Daily nearer drawn to thee ;
 Sinking in the sweetest Union,
 Of that heart-felt Mystery :
 Keep us safe from each Delusion,
 Well protected from all Harms ;
 Free from Sin, and all Confusion,
 Circle us within thine Arms.

H Y M N XCIX.

Justification by Faith.

VAIN are the Hopes the Sons of Men,
On their own Works have built,
Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
And all their Actions Guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their Mouths
Without a murm'ring Word,
And the whole Race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous Law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the Law can do.

Jesus how glorious is thy Grace,
When in thy Name we trust !
Our Faith receives a Righteousness
That makes the Sinner just.

H Y M N C.

This is the Victory that overcometh the
World, even our Faith.

O Tell me no more
Of this World's vain Store ;
The Time for such Trifles with me now is o'er.

A Country I've found,
Where true Joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.

No Mortal doth know
 What he can bestow,
 What Light, Strength, and Comfort : go
 (after him, go !

Lo ! onward I move,
 And but Christ above
 None guesses how wond'rous my Journey will
 (prove.

Great Spoils I shall win
 From Death, Hell, and Sin ;
 Midst outward Afflictions shall feel Christ
 (within.

Perhaps for his Name,
 Poor Dust as I am,
 Some Works I shall finish with glad loving
 (Aim.

I still (which is best)
 Shall in his dear Breast,
 As at the beginning, find Pardon and Rest.

And when I'm to die,
 " Receive me," I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

But this I do find,
 We two are so join'd,
 He'll not live in Glory, and leave me behind.

H Y M N C I.

The Love of Christ constraineth us,
 2 Cor. v. 14.

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
 Where Love inspires the Breast :
 Love is the brightest of the Train,
 And strengthens all the Rest.

Knowledge, alas ! is all in vain,
And all in Vain our fear ;
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be absent there.

'Tis Love that makes our active Feet
In swift Obedience move ;
The Devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot Love.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
When Faith and Hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,
Or leave this poor Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

H Y M N CII.

Following Christ, the Sinner's Way
to God.

JESUS, my all, to Heaven is gone,
He that I plac'd my Hopes upon ;
His Track I see—and I'll pursue
The narrow Way, till him I view.

The Way the holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Banishment,
The King's High-way of Holiness
I'll go ; for all the Paths are Peace.

This is the Way I long have sought,
And mourn'd, because I found it not ;
My Grief, my Burden, long have been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.

The more I strove against its Pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, Soul, for I'm the Way."

Lo glad I come, and thou dear Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but Sin, I thee can give,
Yet help me, and thy Praise I'll live.

I'll tell to all poor Sinners round,
What a dear Sav'our I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And say, " Behold the Way to God."

H Y M N CIII.

Come and welcome, to Jesus Christ.

COME, ye Sinners, Poor and Wretched,
Weak and Wounded, Sick and Sore.

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of Pity, join'd with Pow'r.

He is able, he is able, he is able ;

He is willing : doubt no more.

Ho ! ye Needy, come, and welcome ;

God's free Bounty glorify.

True Belief, and true Repentance,

Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh.

Without Money, without Money, without
(Money,

Come to Jesus Christ, and buy,

Let not Conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of Fitness fondly dream.
 All the Fitness he requireth,
 Is, to feel your Need of Him :
 This he gives you, this he gives you, this he
 gives you ;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising Beam.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the Fall ;
 If you tarry, till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the Righteous, not the Righteous, not the
 (Righteous ;
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

View him grov'ling in the Garden ;
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies.
 On the bloody Tree behold him :
 Hear him cry, before he dies ;
 It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd ;
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?

Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the Merit of his Blood.
 Venture on him, venture wholly ;
 Let no other Trust intrude.
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but
 (Jesus,
 Can do helpless Sinners good.

Saints and Angels join'd in Concert,
 Sing the Praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful Seats of Heaven
 Sweetly eccho with his Name.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may sing the same.

H Y M N CIV.

Christ's Call and (through Grace) the
Sinners Acceptance.

JESU, thou dost cry aloud,
Sinners hasten to my Blood,
Tho' as black as Hell within,
Yet my Blood shall wash you clean.

View me in the Manger lying,
View me panting, bleeding, dying,
In my pierced Side here's Room,
Ev'ry Drop of Blood cries Come.

Lord I hear thy gracious Call,
Prostrate at thy Feet I fall,
All poor Sinners thou call'st Home,
I'm a Sinner, lo I come.

Satan Lord hath me distress'd,
I am naked, void of Rest,
All my Nature's full of Sin,
O I'm all unclean, unclean.

Yes, my Child, I know it all,
But thy Guilt on me did fall;
By the shedding of my Blood,
Thou art reconcil'd to God.

Art thou naked in Distress,
Here's the Robe of Righteousness,
Here's my Blood to cleanse thy Heart;
Cloath thee, wash thee, mine thou art.

Satan hearest Thou thy Doom,
Jesus my Deliver's come ;
Passion, Unbelief, and Pride,
Hence be gone, for Christ has dy'd.

Hail ! my Jesus, Lord and God,
Take the Purchase of thy Blood,
Thou didst give thyself for me,
Lo, I give myself to thee.

H Y M N CV.

Doubts Scattered.

HENCE from my Soul, sad Thoughts be
gone
And leave me to my Joys ;
My Tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful Noise.

Darkness and Doubts had veiled my Mind,
And drown'd my Head in Tears,
Till sov'reign Grace, with shining Rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy Fears.

Oh ! what immortal Joys I felt,
And Rapture all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved mine.

In vain the Temper frights my Soul,
And breaks my Peace in vain ;
One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy Face,
Revives my Joys again.

H Y M N C VI.

They crucified him.

O Love divine what hast thou done !
 Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me :
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my Sins upon the Tree :
 Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd ;
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !

Behold him, all ye that pass by
 The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace !
 Come, see ye Worms, your Maker die,
 And say, was ever Grief like his !
 Come, feel with me his Blood apply'd,
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !

Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us Rebels back to God :
 Believe, believe the Record true,
 That we are bought with Jesu's Blood ;
 Pardon and Life flow from his Side :
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !

Then let us sit beneath his Cross,
 And gladly catch the healing Stream !
 All Things for him account but Loss,
 And give up all our Hearts to him ;
 Of nothing speak or think beside :
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !

H Y M N CVII.

C A L V A R Y.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding Love
 We now recal to Mind,
 Send the Answer from above,
 And let us Mercy find;
 Think on us who think on thee,
 And ev'ry struggling Soul release:
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace.

By thine agonizing Pain,
 And bloody Sweat we pray;
 By thy dying Love to Man,
 Take all our Sins away:
 Burst our Bonds, and set us free,
 From all Iniquity release:
 O remember, &c.

Let thy Blood by Faith apply'd,
 The Sinner's Pardon seal;
 Speak us freely justify'd,
 And all our Sicknefs heal.
 By thy Passion on the Tree,
 Let all our Griefs and Troubles cease;
 O remember, &c.

Never would we hence depart,
 Till thou our Wants relieve;
 Write Forgiveness on our Hearts,
 And all thine Image give.
 Still our Souls shall cry to thee,
 'Till all renew'd in Holiness;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace.

H Y M N CVIII.

The Stony Heart.

O H! for a Glance of heav'nly Day,
To take this stubborn Stone away;
And thaw with Beams of Love divine
This Heart, this frozen Heart of mine.

The Rocks can rent ; the Earth can quake ;
The Seas can roar ; the Mountains shake ;
Of feeling all Things shews some Sign ;
But this unfeeling Heart of mine.

To hear the Sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an Adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving Line,
And nothing move this Heart of mine.

Thy Judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing Thought!) which Devils fear.
Goodness and Wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid Heart of mine.

But something yet can do the Deed:
And that dear something much I need,
Thy Spirit can from Dross refine,
And move and melt this Heart of mine.

H Y M N CIX.

The Same.

WHEN shall my frozen Heart revive;
When shall my Soul begin to live;
Fetter'd with Sin, oppress'd with Death
I pant yet hopeless pant for Breadth.

Yet against Hope, I fain wou'd Hope,
O that the Lord would raise me up;
Wou'd all my Unbelief destroy,
And let me taste his People's Joy.

Come Breath of Life inspire my Soul;
On me let Streams of Mercy roll;
I know a tender Glance from thee,
Can set my burthen'd Spirit free.

Peter's Experience tells me so,
Tells me what Jesu's Look can do;
The harden'd Heart at once it turns,
The Icy Soul it melts and burns.

Lord kindly reach this Heart of mine,
I'd pant to be intirely thine,
To have thy Spirit rule in me,
And bring me into Liberty.

H Y M N CX.

Christ is All in All.

TO all my *Vileness*, Christ is *Glory* bright;
To all my *Mis'ries* infinite *Delight*—
To all my *Ign'rance*, *Wise* without compare.
To my *Deformity*, the *Eternal Fair*—
Sight to my *Blindness*—To my *Meanness*, *Wealth*,
Life to my *Death*—and to my *Sickness*, *Health*,
To *Darkness*, *Light*—my *Liberty* in *Thrall*—
What shall I say—my Christ is *All in All*!

H Y M N CXI.

At the coming of a Minister.

WELCOME, welcome, blessed Servant,
 Messenger of Jesu's Grace!
 O how beautiful the Feet of
 Him that brings good News of Peace.
 All hail Herald, all hail Herald, &c.
 Priest of God, thy People's Joy.

Saviour, bless his Message to us,
 Give us Hearts to hear the Sound
 Of Redemption, dearly purchas'd
 By thy Death and precious Wounds,
 O reveal it, O reveal it, &c.
 To our poor and helpless Souls.

Give Reward of Grace and Glory
 To thy faithful Labourer dear,
 Let the Incense of our Hearts be
 Offer'd up in Faith and Prayer,
 Bless, O bless him; bless, O bless him, &c.
 Now henceforth for evermore.

H Y M N CXII.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his Cause,
 Maintain the Honour of his Word,
 The Glory of his Cross.

Jesus, my God ; I know his Name,
His Name is all my Trust ;
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
Nor let my Hope be lost.

Firm as his Throne, his Promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands,
Till the decisive Hour.

Then will he own my worthless Name,
Before his Father's Face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my Soul a Place.

H Y M N CXIII.

Christ Dying Love.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind,
And Pity brought him down.

(When Justice, by our Sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful Sword,
He gave his Soul up to the Stroke,
Without a murmur'ing Word.)

(He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raise us to his Throne :
There's not a Gift his Hand bestows,
But cost his Heart a Groan.)

This was Compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
His Pity ne'er withdrew.

Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His Love is still as great :
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let our Souls forget.

H Y M N CXIV.

For a Minister confin'd from attending the
Ordinances on a Lord's Day.

IN silent Sadness I'm condemn'd
To spend this sacred Day,
Nor suffer'd to approach thy Courts
To Sing, and Preach, and Pray.

My willing Feet with Joy have trod
Thy Palaces of Grace ;
(The Dwellings of my King my God)
Where Saints behold thy Face.

To Zion's op'ning Gates this Day
Th' assembling Armies move,
The Gospel Trumpet sweetly sounds,
With Pardon, Peace and Love.

Thy blessed Saints with Hearts and Tongues
Unite to speak thy Praise,
With Ears and Hearts in Rapture held
By Messages of Grace.

May they thy Glories Lord behold,
And feed on Heav'nly Food ;
May living Waters fill their Souls,
And Grace and Strength renew'd.

Whilst I'm a Pris'ner in thy Chains,
In Darkness, Grief and Pain,
May I one Beam of Love divine,
One Crumb of Grace obtain.

May Mercy's Hand, direct thy Rod,
Thy Pow'r my Soul uphold,
The Dross and Tin purge all away,
And brighten all the Gold.

May ev'ry Sin be now destroy'd,
And ev'ry Grace made strong ;
Give Health, and Ease, and Strength again,
And Grace shall be my Song.

H Y M N CXV.

For a Public Fast.

LORD, look on all assembled here ;
Who in thy Presence stand,
To offer up united Pray'r,
For this our sinful Land.

Oft have we, each in private, pray'd,
Our Country might find Grace.
Now hear the same Petitions made
In this appointed Place.

Or, if amongst us some be met,
 So careless of their Sin,
 They have not cry'd for Mercy yet;
 Lord let them now begin.

Thou, by whose Death poor Sinners live,
 By whom their Pray'rs succeed,
 Thy Spirit of Supplication give,
 And we shall pray indeed.

We will not slack; nor give thee rest;
 But importune thee so,
 That, till we shall be by thee blest,
 We will not let thee go.

Great God of Hosts, Deliv'rance bring,
 Guide those that hold the Helm;
 Support the State; preserve the King;
 And spare the guilty Realm.

Or should the dread Decree be past,
 And we must feel thy Rod;
 May Faith and Patience hold us fast
 To our correcting God.

Whatever be our destin'd Case,
 Accept us in thy Son;
 Give us his Gospel, and his Grace;
 And then thy Will be done.

H Y M N CXVI.

Ascribing to God the Praise of our
 Salvation.

HOW empty was our former Boast,
 Our Foolishness of Pride,
 When in ourselves we put our Trust,
 And on our Works rely'd!

Strong in the Freedom of our Will,
 Firm in our Nature's Pow'rs,
 We thought to gain the heav'nly Hill,
 And seize the Crown as ours.

Our good Desires, our Hearts sincere,
 Our best Endeavours stood,
 T' atone for our Transgressions here,
 In Place of Jesu's Blood.

Alas for us : we knew not then
 His Blood and Righteousness,
 Thro' which alone the Sons of Men
 Are sav'd by richest Grace.

But now, O gracious God, thy Love
 Hath taught us better Things ;
 Our All is giv'n us from above,
 From Thee Salvation springs.

Freely thy Love delights to save,
 And ransoms without Price,
 But only that which Jesus gave
 Our bleeding Sacrifice.

We own the sole-procuring Cause,
 That precious Blood divine :
 May we, since Jesus dy'd for us,
 May we live ever Thine !

At Dismission.

Dismiss us with thy Blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy Word :
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy Truth within us live.
 Tho' we are Guilty, thou art good,
 Wash all our Works in Jesu's Blood
 Give ev'ry fetter'd Soul release,
 And bid us all depart in Peace.

F I N I S.

